

Chile offers poor model for UK pensions reform

THE Government's new pensions scheme is said to draw its inspiration from Chile where, according to the Adam Smith Institute, "it has brought enormous dividends". In fact, privatisation of pensions is getting into problems everywhere in the world.

According to a report on privatisation by the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development, there is little evidence that promises have been delivered. In Chile it has resulted in only 52 per cent of the workforce being covered for benefits. And many of these "will end up with acquired benefits less than the guaranteed minimum".

High marketing costs were "making the commissions more expensive than they need to be", the transitional costs had been very heavy, and there was no clear evidence of any boost to savings — quite apart from the poverty caused. The UN agency, which is called upon towards privatisation, calls for a mixed system of pay-as-you-go and individual schemes, with flat-rate and earnings-related components for everyone being provided by the state and jointly providing 30 to 40 per cent of average earnings.

This happened to be the modest objectives of the British all-party approach in the mid-1970s, permitting substantial private topping-up of pensions. Just when international authorities are abandoning the pretence that state schemes of a minimally adequate kind are neither sustainable nor desirable, it is ironic that the Government is adopting a proposal which will impoverish millions of future pensioners.

Peter Townsend,
Emeritus Professor of Social Policy,
University of Bristol, Bristol

TONY LYNES (Pensions plan with holes in it, March 16) is certainly breaching the Trades Descriptions Act when he extols the "security" of the state pension scheme. In fact, the system has been a fraud ever since Lloyd George set it up. The average married man today gets a return of under 2 per cent on what he pays into the state scheme, a single person roughly zero, and those above average earnings a negative return. It is not even as secure as keeping your money under the bed.

Like chain letters, the state pension system cannot last indefinitely. Peter Lilley is due at least some credit for squaring up to the problem. It is not mis-selling by the private sector that future generations have to fear. Their £9 plus 5 per cent will be going into something nearer to a tax-free building society account than the complicated pensions products of today — something so straightforward it does not have to be "sold".

No, the real threat of mis-selling comes from entrusting our future pension provision to whichever band of politicians happens to be in power when we retire.

(Dr) Eamonn Butler,
Adam Smith Institute, London

Flexible minds for better aid

ROBERT LACVILLE'S Letter from Banako (February 16) was as laced with "ethnocentric prejudice" as the thesis title of the US student he ridicules. He openly displays his prejudices toward feminist or social science academics

from the English-speaking "Western" world, and because of these biases fails to understand this work and why this might be of relevance to the women of Banako for whom he obviously cares.

The term "gender analysis" has not superseded "women in development" for trendiness, but because it is acknowledged that the targeting of women in development projects may be just as detrimental as the previously male-centred approach often proved. Yes, women's hard work is due to poverty, but so often interventions designed to help them have had unforeseen and unhelpful effects due to ignorance on the part of those intervening. Gender (as much as class, race or age) analyses are tools to help avoid this.

The sort of assumptions that Lacville makes, eg, that childcare and vegetable gardening are "spare-time activities" (rather than an essential, culturally defined social service, and a way of providing cheap, nutritious food) betray his own cultural and gender biases. They are typical of the attitudes of entrenched, defensive development workers who consider that relatively new disciplines that look at equity and equality have nothing to teach them.

He may feel smug about his financial support of women in the area, but surely he must realise that this is a drop in the ocean compared with the support that is needed.

While on arrival the US doctoral student may have made some naive assumptions and was ill-equipped to question Malian women, the sort of work she will carry out may eventually help to stimulate the sort of rural credit schemes or artisanal employment he supports.

Mali and the world in general surely need more people who remain flexible in their attitudes to new ideas rather than those who judge people on their colour and gender, and the time of day they arrive.

Dawn Robinson,
Chetumal, Quintana Roo, Mexico

Odd ruling on police damages

ALAN TRAVIS'S article (Ceiling placed on police damages, March 2), suggests some very strange principles behind the Court of Appeal guidelines. If, for example, the awards are "not to punish the police officer", why should there be a higher award for abuse from a superintendent? And if the award is to compensate the victim why should he be paid according to the rank of who punched his kidneys?

Further, if the award is to compensate the victim, then £500 for the first hour of illegal detention with a reducing rate thereafter is ridiculous. If I were held for one hour, then released, hopefully unharmed and perhaps with an apology, then little damage is done. But if I were held for, say, 48 hours, I would be unable to attend to my business or my family and may also suffer social stigma, therefore the compensation should increase per hour as the illegal detention continues.

"Compensation is not to punish the police officer". Why not? Many people in responsible positions are held directly liable for their behaviour and many carry liability insurance. Even motorists have to do so. Police officers might reasonably be required to take out personal liability insurance, be subject to no-claims bonuses, with surcharges for high risk groups and pay the premi-

ums from their own pockets. Claims against them would be scrutinised by insurance adjusters. No expensive commissions of inquiry would be necessary and the public purse would be greatly relieved.

Finally, why does Sir Paul Cundon "attempt to halt the growth in civil cases brought by victims of police misconduct", when it is the misconduct he should be addressing. Perhaps the problem starts high up?

Eric Smith,
St John's Antigua, West Indies

Wool pulled over our eyes

WE NOW have the technology not only to clone humans from those alive, but also from those who have died from cells removed and grown in culture or frozen. Tens of thousands of such cell banks exist worldwide. Dolly was cloned from frozen cells which, in theory, could have been preserved for many years before use — long after the death of the donor. It is quite wrong that we were only informed of this latest step seven months after creation of the clones. The time to discuss these matters is before work begins. This project has been dominated by obsessive secrecy.

What other disturbing steps have already been taken, that we will not be told about until it is far too late? What about the sheep which are pregnant right now? What strange creations are they carrying "for medical research"?

What is needed is a Gene Charter: international laws covering not only cloning but also germ warfare with smart viruses, scorpion poison genes added to cabbage and gene screening for insurance. We urgently need gene technology to fight disease and feed the world, but we need to ask what kind of world we are creating now we have the ability to alter the very basis of life itself.

(Dr) Patrick Dixon,
Director, Global Change Ltd, London

Don't boost the pianist

HAS Andrew Scott (On a sliding scale, March 2) attended any of David Helfgott's concerts? As a professional critic, I first reviewed him in 1988, then again in 1989, both times in Adelaide, South Australia. My first response was sympathy for the man and tolerance for his behaviour and his wild playing. My second was disgust on all counts.

I heard him again last October, but chose not to review. Just as well. The "great goofy grin" is not loveable to anyone who cares about music. I left at the interval.

Scott is right to compare Helfgott to Nigel Kennedy. Both have exploited the public passion for novelty. The difference is that Kennedy continued to play superbly in his Pearly King suit, whereas Helfgott's playing is just awful in its disregard for anything but the notes.

Scott is wrong to claim that both Kennedy and Helfgott have taken "classical music to a new audience". Kennedy brought a new audience to Helfgott; Helfgott to Kennedy. Three weeks after Helfgott played to full houses in the Adelaide Town Hall, Leslie Howard drew no more than 300 people to a superb recital of very similar repertoire.

Elizabeth Silbury,
Adelaide, South Australia

Briefly

CAN anyone remember why the US insists on pursuing its economic embargo against Cuba? Could it be that it just cannot abide the fact that Cuba insists that its sovereignty be respected and is prepared to defend the interests of its people? Or is it merely "persona" after 37 years?

I suggest that we coin a new word to capture the spirit of US governments since 1959: "Antifidelities", infantile, irrational persecution of one nation by another to the detriment of the populations of both.

Rob Pates,
Charlottesville, Virginia, USA

COME on, Adrian Searle! Paula Rego's pictures in the Tate Liverpool Retrospective "illustrate the sexuality of children" (Animal magic, February 23)? It is not the natural sexuality of children that leads to sexual contact between children and animals. It is damaged adults who force this contact to get relief from their own unresolved histories of sexual victimisation.

I was a child victim of bestiality and am a psychiatric social worker with 19 years of experience in the field of child abuse. It is of paramount importance that the reality be portrayed accurately, even in art reviews. Otherwise, we have no hope of stopping the sexual victimisation of children.

Georgina Cavendish,
Olympia, Washington, USA

IT IS reassuring to read that the Beatles didn't smoke a joint in the Buckingham Palace toilets while receiving the OBE (Yesterday seems so far away, March 23). Jolly good joke, though.

When Mick Jagger gets his big K for services to humanity, doubtless he'll let it be known he never smoked a puff and was always a regular gent with his lady friends. Alexis Korner told a different story, as did John Lennon and Peter Tosh.

Bliss Rose,
Tugun, Queensland, Australia

BSE, *E. coli*, salmonella, cancers, heart disease, filth, cross-contamination, etc, etc (Britain's dirty slaughterhouses, March 10). Surely the real question to ask is not which reports have been suppressed, but why do many otherwise responsible parents continue to put their children at risk by feeding them any product of an abattoir?

Dr Philip Sleight,
Christon, Exeter

MARTIN WOOLLACOTT (March 9), referred to the "Lepénisation" of French politics. Surely a more appropriate word would be "Lepénisation"?

Les West,
Karrinyup, Western Australia

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EU plans to send troops to Albania

John Palmer in Brussels

A COALITION of European Union countries, led by Italy, is ready to dispatch 3,000 troops and police to protect a huge international humanitarian mission to Albania.

But the Albanian president, Sali Berisha, said on Tuesday he could not guarantee the safety of humanitarian aid convoys.

After the Albanian government warned that food reserves could run out within days, EU foreign ministers meeting in Brussels gave a cautious blessing to such a mission if it proved necessary to "create a secure environment for the safe provision of international assistance".

The move came as Italy decided to turn away boats bringing a flood of Albanians to its ports amid mounting evidence that those who have set out to reach Italy in recent days are not genuine refugees from armed unrest but illegal immigrants looking for a better life.

On Monday, Italy's prime minister, Romano Prodi, reached an agreement with his Albanian counterpart, Bashkim Fino, on conducting naval patrols in the Adriatic to halt the flow, which has risen to nearly 12,000 since March 13.

Most of the troops and police for the mission will be provided by Italy but there may also be contingents from France, Greece, Spain, Austria, Denmark and the Netherlands.

"There is a coalition of the willing ready to provide forces to protect the aidgivers," said the Dutch foreign minister, Hans van Mierlo, who chaired Monday's meeting. "France is ready to support such a mission to Albania," the French foreign minister, Hervé de Charette, declared.

The mandate for the force will be decided only after further consultation with the authorities in Tirana. But EU diplomats said it might be used to secure the Adriatic port of Durres and the airport in Tirana. It may also be used to help to defend EU and international aid missions and to work with the Albanian army and police to protect food and medical supplies. Italy flew in supplies to Albania on Monday.

EU foreign ministers stressed that the mixed military and police force was not aimed at keeping the peace between the Albanian factions but to support the army and police. "This is not a peacekeeping mission. We are talking about a mission to secure the distribution of food and other supplies that are urgently needed by the people of Albania," one EU diplomat said.

Britain and Germany, which have peacekeeping troops deployed in the former Yugoslavia, said they would not be taking part. "No one is talking, any longer about military intervention in the Albanian political situation," the British foreign secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, said. "There may be a need for a force to protect aid organisations, although the International Red Cross has said it does not want military protection."

Other EU foreign ministers spoke of the force being planned as an example of the "a coalition of the willing" foreseen for other European security missions in future.

The European Commission, which will co-ordinate aid the dispatch and distribution of humanitarian aid, has already positioned supplies of food and medicine in Italy and Bosnia.



Dr Philip Nitschke, who helped four people to die, with his euthanasia equipment

Australia ends assisted suicide

Christopher Zinn in Sydney

THE Australian parliament has overturned the world's first and only euthanasia law, nine months after the Northern Territory introduced it to let the terminally ill commit assisted suicide.

Under the legislation, four people had been helped to their deaths using a computer programme that delivered a lethal injection 30 seconds after they affirmed their desire to die by typing on a keyboard.

Philip Nitschke, a doctor based in Darwin who helped all four die, burned a copy of the new bill outside Parliament House in Canberra

on Monday after the senate voted 38-33 to override the Northern Territory's Rights of the Terminally Ill Act.

A campaigner for euthanasia, Dr Nitschke accused parliament of betraying the terminally ill, particularly two people preparing to die. They had completed the strict legal requirements to win the right to assisted suicide. An amendment to exempt them from Monday's decision failed.

Dr Nitschke predicted a battle to restore euthanasia to the statute books. He said the legislation had been shown to be viable. "It didn't spell the end of the world; the sky

didn't collapse; we got workable legislation. Opponents of this progressive change can never again say that this law doesn't work. The world will never be the same again."

The bill must be signed by the governor-general, William Deane, to become law. Dr Nitschke said two people would write to Mr Deane pleading for him to delay his signature so they can kill themselves legally. "They would ask for there to be some delay, perhaps for a week or two," he said.

Robert Marr, from the Coalition for Voluntary Euthanasia, said polls showed three-quarters of Australians supported the Northern Terri-

tory's law. He predicted the medical profession would ignore its repeal. "I know euthanasia goes on every day in our hospitals for compassionate reasons. I believe what the euthanasia debate was about was giving patients a right to legally request and receive medical assistance to end their suffering, and patients today want that right."

Euthanasia had never before had any legal footing anywhere in the world. In the United States, a federal court blocked a voluntary euthanasia law from taking effect in Oregon, despite its approval in a 1995 referendum. Similar measures were defeated in Washington state in 1991 and a year later in California. Dutch doctors may perform mercy killings within strict legal guidelines, but euthanasia is technically illegal.

Last November, Canberra's house of representatives voted by an 85-35 majority to back Liberal backbencher Kevin Andrews's bill, demanding that parliament use its powers to overturn the Northern Territory's law. Although legal, Mr Andrews's bill broke convention by intervening in the territory's affairs. The move would not have been possible if any of the six other autonomous Australian states had passed the legislation.

Among those backing the bill was the prime minister, John Howard. He told parliament in December: "There have got to be some absolutes in life, and respect for human life is one of those."

The legislation to allow euthanasia was enacted in the Northern Territory last July. It was proposed by a former chief minister whose mother had died in pain after a long illness.

Terminally ill people needed the support of three doctors, including a psychiatrist, before they could gain permission to die. People travelled to the territory to take advantage of its law.

Crackdown on Buddhists

BURMESE security forces are arresting Buddhist monks in Rangoon to contain a wave of attacks on mosques and Muslim property, reports Nick Cumming-Bruce in Bangkok.

Monks kept up scattered anti-Muslim demonstrations in Rangoon on Monday. Diplomats say there have been up to 10 incidents since the trouble started on Friday last week.

Security forces, responding to weekend attacks that saw monks, sometimes joined by laymen, stoning mosques and other property, have arrested more than 100 monks, unconfirmed reports say.

By some accounts, troops are taking detained monks to Rangoon race course, used in the past as a holding centre for those held by security forces for questioning.

A civil war is in force in the northern city of Mandalay, where the violence started last week after the rape of a Buddhist woman by a Muslim man. Up to eight other cities are said to have introduced curfews.

Burma's military rulers are "in a real dilemma", a diplomat in Rangoon said. The junta does not wish to crack down too hard on the Buddhist clergy, whom it has tried to co-opt to reinforce its own fragile legitimacy. At the same time, it needs to be seen to be protecting Muslims.

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Zaire dying slowly with its leader

Chris McGreal in Kinshasa

THE GATEKEEPER shakes his head in despair at mention of the leopards of President Mobutu Park. No one fed them, he says, and one by one they disappeared, along with the lions and rhinos. Only a few starving monkeys remain, and the plump crocodiles for which meat is unaccountably found.

The park named after President Mobutu Sese Seko was once a flamboyant playground in his honour on the banks of the Zaire river. Visitors were welcomed to its exotic zoo and water theme park. And in the middle of the park sat the headquarters of the only political party once permitted in Zaire.

But, like all else touched by Zaire's ailing autocrat, it has fallen into ruin. Water to the slides dried up. The animals withered away. The road to the zoo is all but impassable.

And he, apparently, wants little to do with them. Zaire's sick ruler of 32 years flew home last week from cancer treatment in France, helpless to stop the advance of Laurent Kabila's rebels across a country which Mobutu has turned into a vast version of his dysfunctional park.

Leon Kengo wa Dondo resigned within days of Mobutu's return. The president had reportedly accepted a parliamentary vote last week that ousted the man he hand-picked as prime minister.

Mobutu, once so feared and admired, is now derided and openly scorned. Yet even though he is near powerless and close to death, his return to Zaire sends a shudder through the population.

Some among the masses of poor, such as cobbler Gerard Bolombe, who works 18 hours a day on a Kinshasa street corner, believe they will never be rid of him. "Mobutu doesn't just go to France and die, he keeps coming back to haunt us. He hangs over our country like a ghost. Even if we bury him in the ground, even if we burn his body and grind it to nothing, we will never escape Mobutu. His gravestone is our destroyed country."

The rebels occupy about a quarter of Zaire. They are still hundreds of miles from Kinshasa, but so great is the air of defeatism in Mobutu's regime they might be pressing at the gates of the capital.

Many of those who have reason to fear the rebels are not waiting. Politicians and businessmen are shuffling their families across the water to Congo. Even some of Mobutu's relatives have fled. Flights to Brussels and Beirut are booked solid with Europeans and Lebanese diamond dealers.

Others, including Kithima Bin Ramazani, general secretary of Mobutu's Popular Revolutionary Movement (MPR) for the 22 years it was the only legal political party, are staying to join in the last scramble for money. "People don't know what they want. Just a few years ago Mobutu was their idol. Then suddenly he was a dictator and should go. It doesn't surprise me. Whoever the next president is, he will be in office one or two years, then they'll all miss Mobutu," he said.

There was a time when Mobutu could call Zaire his own. He named the country and the giant river coursing from its heart. He defined its politics in his own image, and styled himself the Father of the Nation. But Zaire's decline was not the byproduct of a misguided policy, as elsewhere in Africa. It was the deliberate wrecking of a country to satisfy the greed of an elite, and a strategy to undermine any challenge to Mobutu's rule.

His personal fortune runs into billions of dollars. Mobutu owned 11 palaces in Zaire alone — until the rebels started to seize them — and property from Cape Town to Paris. Supposedly protecting this elite was the greatest illusion of all, Zaire's army. Within days of independence in 1960, the army mutinied. In the ensuing anarchy the country got its first taste of the army on a rampage. Soldiers arrested their Belgian officers, and white colonists fled in their thousands.

The new government tried to calm the revolt by promoting every soldier. For a while it was the only



An ailing President Mobutu makes his first public appearance in Kinshasa for months. He flew home from France to meet the South African deputy president, Thabo Mbeki. (PHOTO: HENRY DE LA MARIERE)

army in the world without a single private. Now that time seems a relative golden age.

To most people today the army is an occasional instrument of terror. More often it is an organised crime syndicate. Its senior officers made vast sums from weapons deals and running protection rackets for diamond dealers and foreign businessmen, or their own smuggling operations.

Ordinary soldiers were given a uniform and a gun and told to make a living as best they could. Robbery was the obvious method. The soldiers say they have little choice. Even their pathetic wages of about \$3 a month are paid sporadically.

The army was never prepared for war. Mobutu saw little threat from

outside his borders. If one loomed, the French, Americans or Belgians would always be at hand to save it off. But Mobutu met his match with Zaire's tiny neighbour, Rwanda. After the Tutsi rebels won the war in 1994 and put an end to genocide, Mobutu sided with the Hutu extremists. He allowed them to camp on his soil, to continue to persecute Tutsis, and to plot to reinstate Rwanda. But this time he had misjudged his opponent.

Rwanda's army is part of a new breed of African military, with relatively disciplined troops, trained to fight, with a cause to fight for, underpinned by a revolutionary philosophy contemptuous of the generation that took Africa to independence.

The Week

THE oil giant Shell said 127 of its workers in Nigeria were being held captive after an attack on five oil pumping stations by protesters involved in a local political dispute.

CANADIAN immigration officials have detained two Saudi Arabians in connection with the bombing in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, last summer that killed 19 American airmen and injured 500 others.

VICE-PRESIDENT Al Gore, on a visit to Beijing, witnessed a signing ceremony in which Boeing clinched a \$685 million order from Air China for five jets, and General Motors a pact with Shanghai Automobile Industries that will spur some \$1.5 billion in US exports of machinery in the next five years.

TAMIL separatists attacked a convoy of military cargo ships off Sri Lanka's coast on Monday, sparking a battle in which at least 80 guerrillas and one sailor died, according to army officials.

BELGIAN police arrested a woman on suspicion of helping her lover kidnap a 12-year-old girl more than seven years ago.

AT LEAST 10 million lives will be saved over the next 10 years by close supervision of TB patients to ensure that they regularly take the drugs given to them for six months, predicts the World Health Organisation. (Washington Post, page 16)

PRESIDENT Clinton has nominated the acting CIA director, George Tenet, to be the permanent chief of the spy agency, replacing the previous nominee, Anthony Lake, who withdrew his nomination.

THE US Senate overwhelmingly approved a delicately balanced compromise to continue President Clinton's certification of Mexico as an ally in fighting illegal drugs while criticising its performance and setting goals for progress.

THE 11-year investigation into the assassination of Sweden's prime minister Olof Palme is to be reopened after allegations that Lars Tingstrom, acquitted of the murder, apparently disclosed on his deathbed that he had been responsible. His original target had been King Carl XVI Gustaf.

THE first truckload of supplies under the United Nations oil-for-food programme arrived in Iraq, UN officials said.

WILLEM de Kooning, considered one of the greatest artists of his time, has died in New York, aged 92. (Obituary, page 27)

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
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Save the rhino, but kill the people

Rangoon wants a reserve. So do conservationists. Shame about the villagers. Adrian Levy and Cathy Scott-Clark in Burma and David Harrison report

WE FOUND them deep in the Burmese jungle, east of the Tenasserim river. About 2,000 of them, hungry, exhausted and fearing for their lives. They have no money, no change of clothes, and they eat what food they find. They sleep under palm leaves propped teepee-style against the trees. A sickly child is crying. An old woman sobs endlessly. Saw Lyi, aged 56, holds out his hands: "We do not know what to do. We do not know what will happen to us."

Saw Lyi knows he will not be going home. He and thousands of the Karen ethnic group, a gentle, cultured and religious people, have been driven out of their homes by the Burmese army. He also knows that in a strange way he is lucky, because he made it to the jungle, starving and homeless but alive.

Hundreds of people, including Saw's son, a father of six, have been murdered in the two months since the army launched its offensive to crush the Karen, according to human rights groups, which base their evidence on independent research, including hundreds of eyewitness accounts. Tens of thousands have been forced to work, unpaid and unfed, building roads and railways, and 30,000 have fled into the jungle or across the border to Thailand.

Why? Because the Burmese army is razing entire Karen villages, killing, raping, enslaving, to make way for the biggest nature reserve of its kind in the world. Dwarfing the Masai Mara and the Serengeti in East Africa, it is home to rare flora and fauna, tigers, elephants and the Sumatran rhinoceros. Most importantly, it will be a sign to the world that Burma, shunned because of its appalling human rights record, cares about endangered wildlife and the environment.

All the Rangoon government needed was a few major international conservation organisations to turn a blind eye to atrocities committed against an irksome ethnic minority. It got them from the top drawer of wildlife protection: the New York-based Wildlife Conservation Society and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

It also claimed to have "an open channel of communication" with the Worldwide Fund for Nature Interna-



Karen refugees: more than 2,000 villagers have been killed by Siorc soldiers. (PHOTO: SUZANNE GOLDENBERG)

tional, whose patron is Prince Philip.

The junta running Burma was thrilled — as we discovered when, after our dispiriting trek into the jungle, we made for Rangoon to see if a minister would talk about the project and the role of those conservation giants. The two-storey forestry ministry squats at the end of a long tree-lined road in the Burmese capital. It is part of a complex of ministries run by the State Law and Order Restoration Council (Siorc) and a stone's throw from the home of Burma's most famous dissident, Aung San Suu Kyi, who is under virtual house arrest.

Security is tight, more so since a bomb exploded in Rangoon three months ago. The ministry was surrounded by barbed wire and bougainvillea. A dozen soldiers, bayonets glinting in the sun, stopped us at the first roadblock. We had dressed in khaki and boots to add plausibility to our guise as environmental researchers from a British university, but we had no appointment, no letter of introduction.

The soldiers were suspicious but sent us on to the next roadblock to put our case to the military intelligence officers, sinister figures in pale blue uniforms and reflector sunglasses. But they seemed to buy our story and we were ushered into a spartan office, where two senior ministry figures received us with a mixture of scepticism and delight that respectable British scientists were interested in their "big idea".

One introduced himself as Ye Myint, adviser to the forestry minister. He showed us a programme from a WWF conference in Rangoon last month. Delegates at the Asian Elephant Specialist Group's seven-day conference included WWF representatives and the curator of Chester Zoo, WWF-UK, the organisation's British section, contributed \$2,000 towards the cost.

As we left, Dr Alan Rabinowitz, a senior scientist from the WCS, arrived to meet the same officials. We were told Dr Rabinowitz had established a management committee for the Lanbi Island project and, along with other scientists from the Smithsonian, was also running training programmes and conducting wildlife surveys. Dr Rabinowitz was there to update officials and finalise plans for an expedition to upper Burma last week, part of a worldwide research and conservation programme that has taken the New York-based WCS to 52 countries.

Eager to impress, he boasted of Siorc's plans to establish a "unique" million-hectare "biosphere", the Myintmolekat Nature Reserve, in the Karen area, one of the semi-independent regions set up just before Britain pulled out of Burma in 1948. "We hope the reserve will win world heritage status," he enthused.

The reserve would also encompass a section of a gas pipeline being constructed by Total and Unocal, the French and American oil companies, which signed deals with the Burmese to pump gas from the Andaman Sea in the west to Thailand in the east. Human rights groups say forced labour is being used on the project.

Ye Myint told us of another "exciting" project, the Lanbi Island Marine National Park, off the southern Burmese coast. Coral islands would be transformed into an "eco-tourism venture" in the first stage of a grand plan to open the entire 200-mile Mergui archipelago to mass tourism and scientific study.

His colleague Aung Din, a senior policy adviser, described how international environmentalists were lending the Siorc their expertise and reputations. The Wildlife Conservation Society (WCS) and the Smithsonian Institution were helping to run both projects, he said.

Three months later, soldiers of the Tatmadaw, the Siorc's military wing, arrived at Saw Lyi's paddy fields at his village north of Mergui. The 56-year-old grandfather was marched in, a makeshift football field with the other villagers and told to leave within 24 hours or be shot.

He told his story, typical of the fate of thousands, at his jungle hideout, surrounded by his dead son's children and widow and other despairing relatives. "I was tied to a bamboo post with Saw Kri, my son, and hit twice in the face with a rifle

butt. The soldiers punched and kicked him for about 30 minutes until he passed out. Then they killed him with a bayonet," he said.

We had been smuggled into the Tenasserim Division area by members of the Karen National Liberation Army, who are resisting the Siorc slaughter. An isolated Asian frontier-land, cut through with verdant river valleys and wrapped in dense jungle, the Tenasserim already has wildlife sanctuaries established by indigenous groups.

The brutal offensive began in February, after troops of the newly formed Coastal Military Command, led by Brigadier-General Thura Thihathura Sit Maung, had massed at both ends of the Division. Human rights monitors, who have interviewed refugees fleeing from the area and visited the region themselves, say more than 2,000 have been killed. 30,000 have been evicted from their homes and as many forced to work for the Siorc in the past 18 months.

In a village south of the Total pipeline, Mi Aye, aged 34, a mother of seven, told how women were raped by soldiers guarding forced labour projects: "They raped many women, but Mi Thein, one of the girls, was raped so many times she died. She was just 15 years old."

As well as gathering scores of first-hand accounts, we were shown orders issued by the Tatmadaw to village leaders, commanding men and women to work. One stated: "If you do not come this time you will be attacked with artillery."

Later that day, we talked to other officials. Aung Than, director of forestry for the Tenasserim Division, spoke of the ministry's "open channel of communication with the WWF". He said the WWF had discussed the new nature reserves with the Siorc, encouraged Burma to become a member of the Convention on International Trade of Endangered Species, and made an "exploratory mission" to Burma.

When we asked if we could visit the new sites to conduct an audit of the rare and endangered species, we were told: "I'm afraid that will not be possible at the moment. You must be aware we have problems in this area. There is a large security operation going on. Mopping up must finish before anything else can begin."

Mopping up. That chilling phrase appears frequently in Burma's state-controlled press. It refers to the forced removal of "troublesome elements". That includes members of the Karen ethnic minority, who object to their homes being torched and their families killed or forced to flee to the jungle.

This contempt for human life was not evident last September at the launch ceremony for the Myintmolekat Nature Reserve, held in Rangoon. Dr Kyaw Tint, director-general of Forestry, assured guests that the welfare of local inhabitants would be paramount. Not only would rare species be protected but the lives of the rural poor would be improved.

Three months later, soldiers of the Tatmadaw, the Siorc's military wing, arrived at Saw Lyi's paddy fields at his village north of Mergui. The 56-year-old grandfather was marched in, a makeshift football field with the other villagers and told to leave within 24 hours or be shot.

He told his story, typical of the fate of thousands, at his jungle hideout, surrounded by his dead son's children and widow and other despairing relatives. "I was tied to a bamboo post with Saw Kri, my son, and hit twice in the face with a rifle

butt. The soldiers punched and kicked him for about 30 minutes until he passed out. Then they killed him with a bayonet," he said.

As well as gathering scores of first-hand accounts, we were shown orders issued by the Tatmadaw to village leaders, commanding men and women to work. One stated: "If you do not come this time you will be attacked with artillery."

While inquiries into the killings and disappearances continue, the Burmese government is selling the archipelago as a "re-emerging lost island paradise" — and the conservation groups are winning the battle with their conscience.

Josh Ginsberg, science director at the Wildlife Conservation Society in New York, said: "We do not sanction forced relocation, torture or killings. But we have no control over the government."

A spokesman for the Smithsonian Institution said: "We are there to do important conservation work. We may disagree with a regime but it is not our place to challenge it."

Robin Peljow, director of WWF-UK, said WWF had done an elephant survey in Burma in 1992, a wildlife survey last year and planned to do a "quick and dirty" tiger survey in the future. It had discussed the Lanbi nature reserve with Burmese officials, but had decided not to get involved. The WWF currently had no projects in Burma and no formal relationship with the Burmese authorities.

"Sometimes we have to deal with repulsive regimes," he said. "We have to weigh up whether the conservation benefit is worth the risk of being seen, directly or indirectly, to be supporting those regimes."

— The Observer

PNG crisis still simmers

Michael Perry in Port Moresby

PAPUA New Guinea's prime minister Sir Julius Chan survived a parliamentary motion calling on him to stand aside on Tuesday, but army-backed protesters kept up the pressure over the mercenary fiasco.

After a week of setbacks for Sir Julius, parliament voted 58 to 39 against a motion which urged Chan and two close aides to step down while an inquiry was held into the contract for mercenaries to put down an island uprising.

Sir Julius himself took the floor only once in a rowdy five-hour debate, saying he had hired almost 70 African mercenaries to prevent more PNG soldiers dying on the island of Bougainville.

"Sometimes you have to make decisions in the best interests of the security of the nation and we made this decision and will not compromise that decision," Sir Julius said. "I had to put the lives of our soldiers on Bougainville first."

The PNG crisis began last week when the army chief, Brigadier-General Jerry Singirok, demanded that the mercenary contract be terminated and that Sir Julius, the deputy prime minister, and defence minister resign.

Gen Singirok was promptly sacked but remains in control of the army. His sacking led to violent street protests which saw former colonial power Australia put troops on standby to evacuate around 10,000 Australian nationals.

Gen Singirok repeated a demand that Sir Julius quit and set a deadline of Tuesday, but that deadline apparently passed without any action from the army.

The defence minister, Mathias Jape, said the Sandline contract made financial and military sense. He blamed Australia and New Zealand for refusing to supply the PNG defence force with helicopter gunships and other military hardware it needed to beat the Bougainville rebels. — *Reuters*

UN unveils plans for reform

Mark Tran in New York

THE overhaul of the world's most exclusive diplomatic club began last week as Ismail Rizali, president of the United Nations general assembly, unveiled a plan to enlarge the Security Council.

Mr Rizali, Malaysia's ambassador to the UN, set an ambitious timetable for council reform, hoping to wrap up the matter by this time next year.

His proposal calls for the creation of five new permanent members: two industrialised countries, Germany and Japan, and one each from Africa, Asia and Latin America and the Caribbean. There would also be four new non-permanent members: one each from Africa, Asia, eastern Europe and Latin America.

The present council is composed of five permanent members — the US, Britain, France, Russia and China — and 10 rotating non-permanent members. Only the permanent five enjoy the power of veto,

under the plan, will not have the power of veto. Mr Rizali also proposes that the current permanent members limit their veto to votes involving the use of force under Chapter VII of the UN Charter, a move that Britain and its fellow permanent members are certain to resist.

Sir John Weston, Britain's ambassador to the UN, warmly welcomed the broad aim of the proposal.

While there is agreement over adding the two losers of the second world war to the council, both Germany and Japan are certain to insist that they enjoy veto power and not be relegated to second-class status.

The sparks are sure to fly among developing countries as to who should attain permanent member status. Egypt, Nigeria and South Africa will fight to represent Africa, while Brazil and Argentina will vie for membership.

6 INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Arms, aid and a reordered Europe

HELSINKI SUMMIT
Martin Walker

HERE is a sense of ritual to East-West summits, which seems to have survived the cold war. The two leaders invariably arrive amid dire predictions and tough rhetoric from their sides. The United States Congress usually offers some helpful bluster, warning its president against any "reckless concessions". These days, the Russian Duma contributes its own matching thunder of noises.

The sheer human drama of the summit moment, the great events of geopolitics encapsulated in the encounter of two men, continues to exert a magic that draws thousands of media folk. In turn, this encourages others, from demonstrators to politicians from lesser countries, to take advantage of all that media in concerted pursuit of so concentrated a focus.

Helsinki was like that, and touched by a piquant balance as Boris Yeltsin, the recovering heart patient, appeared less of an invalid than did Bill Clinton in his wheelchair. The sight of the president being extracted from Air Force One by a Finnish airlines catering truck on hydraulic stilts looked very odd; industrial chic jostling with memories of the last wheelchair summit, when Franklin Roosevelt met Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin at Yalta in 1945. For Clinton, the ailment is only temporary, the result of an operation to reattach the tendons of the knee he twisted while staying at golfer Greg Norman's home.

The Americans, assuming they would not win Russian approval of their determination to enlarge Nato, brought along some important concessions to try to persuade Yeltsin to push the Start 2 arms control treaty past a reluctant Russian Duma. The Clinton administration had been almost desperately keen to achieve some form of arms control agreement so that it could rebut the critics who said Russian opposition to Nato enlargement would poison the rest of the relationship.

In the event, the US arms control team virtually achieved "the grand slam" — a promise that the Start 2 treaty would be ratified, an agreement on the guidelines of a new Start 3 treaty, as well as a formal and signed agreement on permissible anti-missile defences. If all goes according to plan, nuclear arsenals on both sides will be slashed to some 2,000 weapons each, one-fifth of their level at the start of this decade. By cold war standards, this is miraculous.

Each side currently deploys about 6,000 warheads under the terms of the Start 1 agreement. A Start 2 treaty has been signed, which would cut warheads and missiles further to some 3,500 each, but this has yet to be ratified into force by the highly critical Russian Duma. Yeltsin has now said he will push the Duma, and expects it to go along. The real achievement was to move beyond Start 2 to a far more ambitious Start 3 regime, along with a formal settlement of the vexed issue of theatre missile defences. Sometimes known as "Star Wars Lite", these are small and regional versions of the anti-missile defence

systems originally proposed by President Reagan's Strategic Defence Initiative.

The US had offered four parameters on the size, speed, range and deployment of these anti-missile systems, linked to a promise to remain within the terms of the original 1972 Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty. The Russians have long demanded far tougher controls, and their decision to compromise removes an obstacle that has bedevilled US-Russian relations since the days of Reagan and Gorbachev.

Taken altogether, the three deals could, in effect, take strategic arms control off the agenda for a generation, leaving each side with a stable force of some 2,000 nuclear warheads each. That is as far as the US believes it and the Russians can go without bringing the Chinese, British and French into discussion of further reductions.

The Americans also brought along the expected economic sweeteners, the least they could do after Yeltsin nailed his colours to the free-market mast by appointing the two best-known economic reformers, Anatoly Chubais and Boris Nemtsov, to his new government. Apart from supporting Russia's bid to join the World Trade Organisation and become a full member of the Group of Seven leading industrial nations, the Americans are not offering much; almost \$1 billion this year in bilateral aid, and lots of export insurance and other credit to encourage private US investment into Russia.

But this summit also rose above the customary haggling over arms control and subsidies. It began to fulfil the conviction within the Clinton administration that the US and Russia are, for our time, engaged in as historic a rearrangement of the European order as the Treaty of Versailles that ended the first world war, and the process from Yalta in 1945 to the launch of Nato in 1949 that locked us all into the cold war for a generation.

Yeltsin decided that he might not like it and deemed it "a mistake", but he had no choice other

The three deals could, in effect, take strategic arms control off the agenda for a generation

than to learn to live with the fact of an enlarging Nato. He would no longer seek to block it, only to minimise its political dangers with a new Nato-Russian security charter. He has resolved to embrace the West, to join its institutions — the G7 and the WTO — and to abandon the old option of a sullen and isolationist Russia. The American interpretation of the joint statement Yeltsin signed, accepting that all countries had "the inherent right to choose the means to their own security", meant that he also would not even try to stop the Baltic states from joining. This is a dramatic change, pregnant with extraordinary possibilities.

The essential equation of the cold war was whether Americans were



Bill Clinton pulls a face after his translation device failed during last week's joint press conference in Helsinki. PHOTOGRAPH BY RICK WILKINS

prepared to risk the incineration of Boston in order to save Berlin. If we are to believe what the Clinton administration is now saying, the essential equation of the 21st century may be the West's readiness to risk Newcastle to save Novosibirsk, or to hazard Chicago to safeguard the interests of a much enlarged Nato in the Caspian.

Clinton was at great pains during the Helsinki summit to stress that "I have never left Russia out. I have specifically said in every speech I have made about this subject that I do not believe Russia should be excluded from Nato membership." If he means it, and his second term will be long finished before the decision is made in some other president's Oval Office, then as a Nato member a future Russia would qualify under Article V of the treaty for the Nato nuclear guarantee.

Assume that an empowered and emboldened China decides to do something about the "unequal treaties" by which Tsarist Russia grabbed large swathes of Mongolia and Central Asia. Or assume that some future Islamic coalition decides to push Iran's ancient claims in the oil-rich Caspian basin. In either case, the core Nato members of the US and western Europe would be faced with interesting policy decisions. Cardiff or the Caspian? Paris or Petropavlovsk?

This is not serious," was Yeltsin's blunt comment on Clinton's talk of Russia's eventual Nato membership. "The Kremlin sees Clinton's vague words as akin to those hollow offers Reagan used to make of sharing Star Wars technology with the Russians so they would all be safer."

But the Americans, from Clinton to secretary of state Madeleine Albright and national security adviser Sandy Berger, are all stressing that Nato enlargement is not a one-shot deal for this year, but part of a

rolling process. The phrase they all repeat is that "this year's first new members will not be the last".

In off-the-record conversations, they are prepared to think aloud about the way this process might unfold after Nato's Madrid summit this July, which will see Poland, Hungary and the Czech Republic invited to join. The next step, possibly next year but certainly before the end of Clinton's second term, could see Slovenia, Austria and possibly also Romania joining the alliance. Austria is the interesting precedent, because of its formal status as a neutral, declared after the Soviet army agreed to withdraw from its half of the country in 1954.

With one former neutral absorbed, Nato could then hope to see a third wave as Sweden and Finland finally consider joining the alliance. In the full knowledge that this is probably the only practical way to bring in the three Baltic (and former Soviet) states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. The prospect of their joining Nato is acutely painful for Russia, even though the price of their membership would doubtless be that they treat their Russian-speaking ethnic minorities more decently than they now do.

That is as far as my American sources are prepared to think aloud. Ask about the big one of Ukraine, and they shrug. Ask about the Bulgarians, let alone the Croats and Serbs, and they shrug again. Ask about Russia, and all anybody will say is to repeat Clinton's line about nobody being excluded.

There are two reasons why Clinton has to say the Russians can join Nato some day. The first is that his failure to say so would signal the degree to which Nato remains an insurance against Russia becoming both strong and aggressive again. The second is that he must buttress his assertion that this is "the new Nato", no longer the old military al-

liance of the cold war, but the pan-European security system of the future.

Clinton actually believes this, in the way that any good salesman believes in the products he has to sell. But the fact is that his administration took up the cause of Nato enlargement in the summer of 1994, when Washington seriously feared that Nato was dribbling out its life in Bosnia. Enlargement seemed the only way to reinvigorate the alliance that remains the one institutional guarantee of America's role and leadership in Europe.

This is where Clinton's foreign policy starts running into strange paradoxes. To maintain Nato, Clinton has already had to agree to dilute it. To sustain an enlarged Nato, Clinton will probably have to bully the main European allies with all sorts of threats and pressures into speedily widening the European Union to match the enlarging Nato.

"We have an interest in seeing it [EU enlargement] happen as rapidly and as expansively as possible," Albright told a White House briefing just before she flew to Helsinki. In her view, the joint enlargement of Nato and the EU are inextricably linked: as she always says, "The security that Nato provides has always been essential to the prosperity the EU promises".

This has all sorts of implications for the next British government as it grapples with the European question. The old British preference for widening Europe, rather than deepening its institutions, will receive formidable reinforcement from the US. The common agricultural policy will struggle to survive the accession of the Poles and Hungarians to EU membership.

Clinton's European policies now mean that there is emerging an alternative Anglo-Saxon vision of the

The Americans quoted de Gaulle's phrase about a Europe 'from the Atlantic to the Urals'

European future, one that chimes precisely with the hopes and the fears of the prospective new members to the east. The price we may yet pay for that will depend on where everyone agrees Europe stops. It was striking in Helsinki last week to hear how often the Americans — including Clinton speaking to Yeltsin — used General de Gaulle's old phrase about a Europe "from the Atlantic to the Urals", implying that Russia is on the team.

All of this suggests a curious echo of the book that is currently fashionable among America's foreign policy establishment, *The Clash Of Civilisations* by the Harvard professor Sam Huntington, with its grimly Orwellian vision of the West facing a superpower China and a resurgent Islam.

And there is a curious common pigment to the grand Clintonian concept of North America, Europe and Russia all cooly settling down together. This is the geopolitical club of the white race. How interesting that Hillary Clinton, whose last week to visit South Africa. Although it can hardly be supposed that anyone might ever risk Cardiff for the sake of Cape Town.

Washington Post, page 18

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The Week In Britain James Lewis

Filibuster by peers sends Howard's bill into retreat

ABOUT of last-minute horse-trading, in a rush to clear the legislative decks before Parliament rose for the general election, forced the Government to make significant concessions in controversial bills on crime and education.

The Home Secretary, Michael Howard, was forced to climb down over his plans to enforce mandatory sentences on persistent criminals when Liberal Democrat peers, with Labour backing, threatened to wreck his entire Crime (Sentences) Bill.

Had there been more time, Mr Howard could have bulldozed his bill through the House of Lords, in the face of fierce opposition from judges and penal reformers. The compromise means that judges can exercise a discretion to ignore the fixed penalties in cases where they feel they would be unjust.

Complaining that his plans had been emasculated, and that tough minimum sentences were "absolutely essential" to protect the public from persistent burglars and drug dealers, Mr Howard sought to make the best of a bad job by claiming that the Conservatives were now the only party of law and order.

The Education Secretary, Gillian Shephard, was also angered by being forced to sacrifice plans to allow greater selection in schools. This was one of 19 clauses dropped from her Education Bill after talks with Labour. Other elements lost included measures paving the way for a grammar school in every large town, and the expansion of grant-maintained schools.

DEDICATED listeners to BBC Radio 4 took some comfort from assurances by its new controller, James Boyle, that there would be "no dumbing down" of the station's quality. The BBC seems hell-bent on steepling its older and middle-class audiences, so listeners had been alarmed by Mr Boyle's plans for a programme-by-programme review of Radio 4's output.

But the new controller, who is 50, said he had "no hare-brained schemes to attract younger listeners and get rid of people like me". He even announced plans to revive the long-running Round Britain Quiz, one of the station's more erudite shows — described as "the nearest radio gets to crossword puzzles" — which was axed in 1995.

The corporation's traditional structure, however, came under another attack, this time from the Commons Heritage Select Committee, which urged the abolition of nominated governors, who were described as "part-time, well-intentioned amateurs drawn from the great and good". The governors' role is broadly to protect the interests of licence-payers, but the committee argued that this was no way to run a business in the "new, tough, commercial broadcasting environment".

AWEARY Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, who is 61, gave a strong hint that he would be prepared to hand over to someone else in five years' time, even though he is entitled to remain in office until he is 70.

He has recently returned to work after a six-week sabbatical, and, in a

TV interview to be broadcast next month, says the job is "a wearing one... spiritually and emotionally demanding because you are being hit from many angles".

His six years as spiritual leader of the worldwide Anglican Church have been particularly turbulent, with bitter rows over women, gay and lesbian priests, and rumbles of more trouble ahead over whether a divorced — and possibly remarried — heir to the throne can ever become titular head of the Church.

LONDON'S Wormwood Scrubs was the subject of the latest in a series of damning reports by the Chief Inspector of Prisons, Sir David Ramsbottom, who said he was "surprised and horrified" by the conditions he found there.

He said his team had found much of the prison to be inexcusably dirty, and the impoverished regime made it mainly a "warehouse" for its 1,000 inmates, of whom 178 were serving life sentences. Most prisoners were locked up all day. Many work schemes had been demolished, places in education classes were not being filled, and some of the worst conditions were being endured by remand prisoners, many of whom would be found not guilty.

WHAT SHOULD have been good news — a near-record monthly drop of 68,200 in the number of people unemployed — went largely unnoticed, partly because they were lost in allegations of parliamentary sleaze, and partly because few people now take the figures at their face value any more.

The fall in joblessness takes the UK total to 1,746,300 (6.2 per cent of workforce), the lowest since 1990. But most commentators now refer to the figure as "claimant count unemployment", because the count is not of people without a job but of those claiming benefit. And even the Office for National Statistics (ONS) admits that the figures are being affected by the replacement of Unemployment Benefit by the Jobseekers' Allowance, which is harder to claim. The ONS was also unable to offer an estimate of the unemployment trend, saying ministers had not asked it to produce one. If it wins the election, Labour plans to appoint a minister responsible for job creation with a seat in the Cabinet.

An investigation by the Office for Public Management has unearthed widespread racist attitudes among army personnel who thought black people were "lazy" and Asians "sly". Names often used in the military, such as Snowy and Moonlight, were dismissed as mere "robust humour".

The Royal Navy was singled out with the report saying senior officers turned a blind eye to taunts among lower ranks. "The conventions of a sea-faring tradition result in a level of awareness of cultural diversity which is 10 or 20 years behind that of a society at large and which can reasonably be said to constitute institutional racism."

In the RAF, black personnel were often excluded from guards of honour or VIP events through a process known as "packaging". "An unwritten rule summarised as 'no blacks, Poles, spots or specs' governed basic assumptions about how things should 'really' or 'normally' be."

The army was accused of "colour blindness", while the Ministry of Defence had a long way to go "before it catches up with even average lev-



Richard Pryce, who routinely hacked into US military computers, with his parents

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
March 30 1997

Student hacker 'better than KGB'

Christopher Elliott

POLICE spilling from more than half a dozen cars flashed their warrant cards and raced up the stairs to the attic.

After weeks of surveillance, the police had him. They were looking for the heir of a master spy who might be passing United States secrets to an eastern European ring, a man said in US congressional hearings to have done more damage to the Pentagon than the KGB.

They found Richard Pryce, a 16-year-old schoolboy with a gift for the double bass, his window into the heart of the American military machine a £750 computer.

"I was reading a bulletin board and the police came up and lifted my hands off the keyboard and cautioned me. I thought 'Oh, shit', said Richard last week, after he pleaded guilty at a London magistrates court

and was fined £1,200 for 12 offences of gaining unauthorised access to American military computer systems. "Those places were a lot easier to get into than university computers in England," he said.

His perception of his crimes — he hacked into highly secret US military computers at least 200 times — never matched the US and British authorities' stern view of them throughout the three years since his arrest on May 12, 1994.

His mother, Alison, remembers returning to their Kingsbury home in north London to discover the drive jammed with police cars. "The whole thing has been so surreal and dull, we never thought it possible it could go on as it had."

It was the beginning of an odyssey into the dark side of cyber-space for the family. Richard faced conspiracy charges for which he could have been jailed for up to five

years until the Crown dropped them. Richard, who was known to fellow hackers as the "datastream kid", first thought he had been arrested in connection with obtaining free telephone calls to pursue his hacking.

The computer was originally bought to help with Richard's computer studies A-level. He spent more and more time on the computer surfing the Internet and accessing the hackers' bulletin boards after his double bass was vandalised and he could no longer practise.

"It was more of a challenge really, going somewhere I wasn't meant to. Quite a lot of hackers can't hack, they just sit around the bulletin boards pretending to hack. I was surprised how easy it was."

Why did he choose computer studies A-level? "Er, it was the dropout subject," said the reformed hacker. He was given a D grade.

Racism 'rife' in the forces

David Fairhall

BRTAIN'S armed forces suffer from high levels of ingrained racism, which are not being tackled because of complacency among senior ranks.

An investigation by the Office for Public Management has unearthed widespread racist attitudes among army personnel who thought black people were "lazy" and Asians "sly".

Names often used in the military, such as Snowy and Moonlight, were dismissed as mere "robust humour". The Royal Navy was singled out with the report saying senior officers turned a blind eye to taunts among lower ranks. "The conventions of a sea-faring tradition result in a level of awareness of cultural diversity which is 10 or 20 years behind that of a society at large and which can reasonably be said to constitute institutional racism."

In the RAF, black personnel were often excluded from guards of honour or VIP events through a process known as "packaging". "An unwritten rule summarised as 'no blacks, Poles, spots or specs' governed basic assumptions about how things should 'really' or 'normally' be."

The army was accused of "colour blindness", while the Ministry of Defence had a long way to go "before it catches up with even average lev-

els of good practice", the report said. The report is based on interviews with all ranks and an analysis of recruitment and staffing. It found many units had no equal opportunities policy and thought racial differences were not important.

The Ministry of Defence admitted there were problems but said it was working hard with the Commission for Racial Equality. But despite efforts at recruitment, the proportion of blacks in the military is 1.4 per cent — compared with 5.4 per cent in the Civil Service.

● The army is reconsidering its ban on homosexuality. A new code of personal conduct is being drafted that may make it possible for soldiers to admit to a homosexual orientation provided their conduct does not impinge directly on their unit's operational effectiveness.

The revised code would need the approval of ministers. But whereas the armed forces minister, Nicholas Soames, is opposed to any relaxation in the current ban, Labour is committed to reviewing the position if it wins the general election.

The Ministry of Defence is under great pressure to change its policy, following changes in public attitudes that have led to legal challenges in the European courts.

Comment, page 12

MPs urge fast compensation

DISABLED veterans suffering from "Gulf war syndrome" should be given immediate compensation without having to sue the Government, MPs have concluded after reviewing the way defence ministers misled Parliament on the subject, writes David Fairhall.

Labour last week demanded the resignation of the armed forces minister, Nicholas Soames, after the all-party Commons defence committee published a scathing report saying the way veterans claims had been handled was symptomatic of the defence ministry's "instinctive defensiveness and insularity".

The MPs urged ex-gratia compensation payments for veterans exposed to organophosphate pesticides whose illnesses have no other explanation, and direct research into the causes of Gulf war syndrome — not just the present statistical studies.

They also appealed for faster settlement of war pension claims. "We believe the time is ripe for a thorough re-examination of the system of compensation for service personnel injured while on duty," the report says.

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
March 30 1997

Sleaze dogs last days of Parliament

Guardian Reporters

THE last full day of Parliament ended in acrimony last week after John Major, Tony Blair and Paddy Ashdown clashed in a crowded Commons over the delay in publishing the report into the cash for questions scandal and its impact on the election.

With Labour MPs bellowing "sleaze, sleaze", and Tory loyalists shouting "two million" — a reference to Labour fund-raising — the Speaker had to restore order during Prime Minister's Question Time as Mr Blair demanded publication of Sir Gordon Downey's report and Mr Major accused him and Mr Ashdown of a "political stunt".

Backed by the Liberal Democrats, the shadow leader of the Commons, Ann Taylor, later raised the stakes by claiming that Mr Major had "mentioned facts which could only have been known to members of the [Standards and Privileges] Committee attending certain meetings".

Mrs Taylor's claim of a leak in privileged information was rejected by Mr Major's staff.

"Justice demands that this report be published. Any members of the public watching that interchange will conclude that you simply don't want to publish because you fear its publication," Mr Blair said across the despatch box, warning that the stain on the Government's character could be removed only by a change of government.

Mr Major replied with a sustained attack on Labour double standards. "The stain, if stain there will be, is on a Labour front bench that has been smeared and smeared and smeared again."

The nub of Labour's complaint is that on BBC TV last October, Mr Major promised that he did not want Sir Gordon's investigation to be "kicked into the long grass".

When Mr Blair taunted Mr Major with that interview, the Prime Minister insisted: "The fact is that Sir Gordon Downey's report is not finished. It has not yet gone to the committee and when it gets to the committee, that is the start and not the conclusion of the process."

As a complex report it would take time to consider. "Those members that may be criticised will obviously

HIS LAST PRIME MINISTER'S QUESTION TIME



wish to make representations and give evidence. The thought that that could be done fairly and properly in a few days is improbable in the extreme, and you know that."

But Mr Blair said: "If the objection is time, let the committee sit. If, indeed, it cannot finish its report for genuine reasons of time, so be it... If you continue to stonewall, people will believe that the reason is not technicalities or can't, it is won't!"

Labour later made a last-gasp attempt to force the issue by tabling a one-clause bill to extend Parliament so the committee examining the report could clear up the business and publish the report by April 8. But the Government refused to allow even five minutes of parliamentary time for the Opposition parties to debate it before Parliament officially prorogued.

An interim report published last week exonerated 15 MPs who failed to declare political campaign donations from lobbyist Ian Greer, but leaves several MPs accused of the most serious charges facing weeks of uncertainty. The former ministers Neil Hamilton and Tim Smith will still have to answer charges that they were paid thousands of pounds by Mohamed Al Fayed for asking

questions in a campaign co-ordinated by Mr Greer — but only after the election. The interim report also made clear that Sir Gordon had not exonerated six other MPs over failing to declare election donations from Mr Greer. They include the former Chancellor Norman Lamont, who received £2,000; health minister Gerry Malone who received £1,000; and Neel Deva, MP for Brentford, some £750.

Mr Blair told the Prime Minister in the Commons: "If you fail to have this [final] report published, when everyone knows that you could, it will leave a stain on the character of your government that will only be erased by a new government with a fresh mandate that will restore confidence in our public life for good."

The Liberal Democrat leader, Paddy Ashdown, told him: "You should not be surprised that those in the country will conclude that you enter the election as you conducted your administration — on a broken promise, on a slippery evasion and with your party mired in accusations of sleaze."

Downing Street insisted that the Prime Minister's chief concern is that the controversy is resolved fairly and stressed his role in setting

up Lord Nolan's Committee on Standards in Public Life and Sir Gordon's subsequent appointment as independent commissioner for standards.

Meanwhile Labour confirmed reports that in government it would ask the Nolan committee to consider whether Sir Gordon should have more powers — including the authority to publish his own findings. Robin Cook, the shadow foreign secretary, said: "A Labour government will look afresh at Parliament's way of regulating its own affairs in the light of the handling of the recent sleaze revelations."

"The Standards Commissioner clearly needs greater authority, more resources, and the right to publish his findings independently if Parliament's integrity is to be protected."

A Liberal Democrat MP, Menzies Campbell, said he believed members should be made to lodge their income tax returns with Sir Gordon, whose duties include operating the Register of Members' Interests.

"If a member declines to lodge his income tax returns, or if he lodges a defective return, then it certainly should be grounds for disqualification from the House of Commons."

Comment, page 12

Witnessess speak out against MPs

David Pallister

TWO people who claimed they were involved in handing over envelopes stuffed with cash to Tory MP Neil Hamilton from the Harrods boss, Mohamed Al Fayed, broke cover last weekend and confirmed what they had done.

Alison Foster, Mr Al Fayed's personal assistant for 13 years, said she had filled the envelopes with up to £7,000 in total on two or three occasions and wrote Mr Hamilton's name on the cover. Philip Broomfield, a security guard at Mr Al Fayed's London apartment at 60 Park Lane, confirmed he had handed envelopes to Mr Hamilton. They have already told their stories to Sir Gordon Downey, Parliamentary Commissioner for Standards.

Ms Foster, until now a Tory supporter, told the Mail on Sunday she decided to speak out because she could not stomach Mr Hamilton's repeated denials of taking the cash.

In further damaging revelations taken from private testimony to Sir Gordon, Ian Greer, the lobbyist, admitted that Mr Hamilton asked for part-undeclared payments to be made in gifts in order for him to avoid paying tax.

Ms Foster, who has not talked publicly before about the matter, said Mr Hamilton was a frequent visitor to 60 Park Lane during the mid-1980s, when Mr Al Fayed was involved in his battle with Lorrain's, Tiny Rowland over House of Fraser.

"At the time of Mr Hamilton's visits, we saw Mr Al Fayed putting money into envelopes, or he had brown envelopes sitting on his desk. Neil Hamilton received envelopes containing £6,000 or £7,000 in total from me on two or three occasions. He must have been paid about £15,000 to £20,000 in total with the money Mr Al Fayed gave him."

"At one point, Mr Hamilton became fairly persistent. He would phone three to four times over a week or 10 days. It would be on one of those occasions that Mr Al Fayed told me, 'He wants his money. Put £2,000 in an envelope and leave it downstairs for him.'"

In his evidence to Sir Gordon, Mr Hamilton said: "I have no recollection of collecting any envelopes of any kind from 60 Park Lane." He said last weekend: "They're both lying through their teeth and my submission to Sir Gordon proves it."

Mr Greer told Sir Gordon it was Mr Hamilton's idea to ask for pictures, airline tickets and furniture as part-payment for commissions he never declared. "I saw nothing wrong with it. To him it was important, or he felt it would be advantageous or convenient to settle bills and give him the residue in a cheque." Mr Hamilton has confirmed this to Sir Gordon.

Last week Mr Hamilton braved the wrath of his Tory faithful, in his Cheshire constituency with a rebuttal of the allegations and barely a hint of contrition.

A mild mounting evidence of a grassroots revolt against Mr Hamilton at the annual meeting of his Tory association at a pub in Tatton, the beleaguered MP and his outwardly loyal local party officers strenuously denied reports that dissidents in the Tatton Tory association planned to deselect the MP if he was not cleared of impropriety by Sir Gordon's report into cash for questions.

Prorogued by a roguish pro

SKETCH
Simon Hoggart

MY COLLEAGUES and I are constantly accused of being too cynical about politicians. We always look on the worst side, they tell us. We invariably assume the most venal motives. We may spend our lives in the gutter but we should sometimes follow Oscar Wilde's advice and look up towards the stars.

Yet MPs are more cynical about themselves. It may be hard for the voters to comprehend, but there are some who doubt John Major's motives for announcing the longest election campaign since 1918.

Now, it happens there are those among us who have long suspected that Mr Major's reputation as a fellow of rock-like integrity is not entirely deserved. We wonder whether, far from being a decent, upright, Rotarian sort of chap, someone so law-abiding he would

report a neighbour for peeing in the shower, he is actually a slippery customer whom you should trust no further than you could throw Nicholas Soames.

Indeed, we think that with his big honest eyes, his nervous grin, diffident manner and baggy sweaters, he could do well selling 10-quid Rolexes in Oxford Street. But that's the sort of cheap, reach-me-down cynicism you'd expect from a hack.

So you'll realise how shocked I was to discover that there are MPs who share my sordid doubts. They actually suspect that Mr Major prorogued Parliament in order to make certain that Sir Gordon Downey's report on sleaze is kept secret until well after polling day.

They even said so in the House last week. Of course, it would never do to put it too baldly. After all, Sir Gordon's report may assert that all members of Parliament are blameless. "When Mr Al Fayed arranged for envelopes stuffed with cash to

be given to MPs, he made it quite clear that this money was to be passed straightaway to the Parliamentary Greasers' Widows and Orphans Benevolent Fund."

Or, "The lengthy stays at the Paris Ritz were arranged purely as part of a parliamentary investigation into Alternatives to Homelessness. The honourable member has told us, and we accept his word, that his only wish was to make certain that the luxury of the facilities would not be overwhelming to someone who had spent the previous six months in a cardboard box."

If Sir Gordon had exonerated all MPs, then it would have reflected badly on any of their colleagues who had jumped to outrageous conclusions. Simon Hughes, for example, a Liberal, said he wanted the report to be published "so that the interests of all members can be protected, whether or not they are mentioned" — in other words, I am inquiring for the guiltless rather than against the culpable.

Tony Benn went into the Land of Oz, a mythic place where he is hap-

piest. "Madam Speaker, the prorogation of Parliament is for the Crown and the Prime Minister... the House continues to sit until the 8th of April. During that period Sir Gordon, and the clerk, and the editor of Hansard remain officers of the House... we can instruct them to make available information gained at the behest of the House even if the House is prorogued."

When Mr Benn is in march-of-four great-constitution mode, you feel that his words shouldn't be spoken so much as stitched into a tapestry.

Bernard Jenkin, a Tory, suggested that publishing the rap sheet would be unfair. We were dealing with MPs' livelihoods. They were looking for a dispassionate and fair appraisal. (I read this to mean, in my horrid, sceptical way, "anyone who gets fingered might lose their seat, whereas if they get re-elected in time, they might just be able to ride it out.")

In any event, Speaker Betty said that nothing could be done, and Parliament has duly been prorogued. So much for us cynics.

Is integrity also junk, Mr Major?

Hugo Young

AT EVERY stage of the parliamentary sleaze story, which is now two-and-a-half years old, the Government has found some kind of answer to the pressing question of the moment. Consider, for example, the case of David Willetts, the former whip who committed to paper his involvement in manipulating an early phase of the Neil Hamilton investigation. Willetts was caught bang to rights, and subsequently resigned. But a talk-out was assembled, and it toured the studios in the mouth of the Deputy Prime Minister: Willetts was inexperienced, the whips worked in mysterious ways, the committee couldn't be nobbled, and so forth. It was thin stuff, but it was damage limitation.

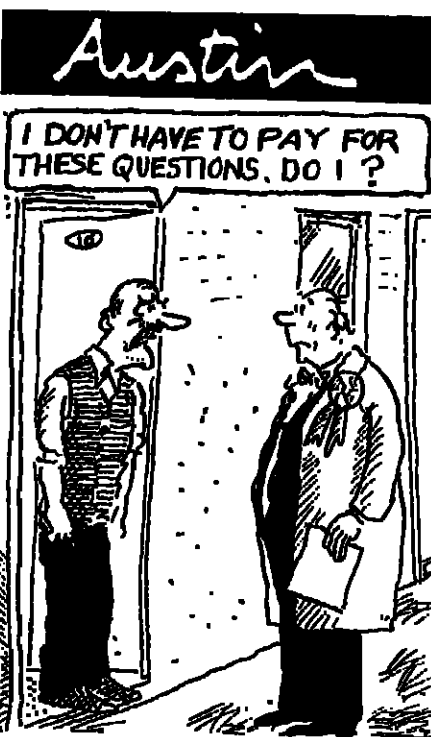
The feature of the final stage, last week's appropriately terminal fiasco over the Downey report, is that no such effort has been made. Asked to explain why Parliament was prorogued nine working days before its dissolution, a larger gap than any time this century, ministers simply ignored the question. They can't even dredge up some mumbo-jumbo to throw in our eyes. There it sits, an unexplained chasm of wasted public time, in which progress could have been made to expedite completion of Sir Gordon Downey's inquiry into allegations of impropriety by MPs.

Possibly the explanation is simple. Maybe, in the flurry of the election announcement, the Prime Minister's office simply forgot about Downey. This government does not operate with such Rolls-Royce precision as to totally exclude the possibility of a cock-up. But I don't believe it. It is unimaginable that nobody remembered Downey, or was not intimately aware of the progress he was making.

The fear, I hazard, was not so much that Downey might find clearly against a bunch of Tory MPs, but that he might not exonerate them entirely. There might be much confusion, readily exploitable by the sharks and jackals. The committee of select procedures, as John Prescott charmingly sponsored it the other day, would want to have its say after Downey had reported. A mighty, uncontrollable, public mess loomed. To arrange for it to

be postponed was a tight call, because Mr Major had promised to move heaven and earth to get a verdict before the election. But a postponement induced by early prorogation seemed, in all the circumstances, the better course.

To me, this is not proof of the Government's turpitude so much as yet more evidence of its incorrigible, disdainful frivolity. After appointing the Nolan Committee, that has been its stance throughout the Hamilton affair. The persistent tendency to reject all charges against Hamilton et al, implicit or sometimes (as with Mr Portillo, even at the eleventh hour) explicit, masqueraded as the need to protect the innocent. The determination to blackguard Mohamed Al Fayed and the Guardian was undisturbed by the fact that one of the accused, Tim Smith MP, had already confessed to the charge, and has now tripled the amount of money he says he took for ask-



Betrayed by Parliament

BECAUSE the Guardian believes in elections fought in the light, not in the dark, the newspaper published last week a summary of evidence submitted to Sir Gordon Downey on the cash-for-questions scandal. This is an issue which goes to the heart of parliamentary democracy. The facts the report reveals are, in short, that a number of MPs now offering themselves for re-election have secretly confessed to, or are plainly guilty of, criminal offences of bribery, corruption, and cheating the Inland Revenue. Secret confessions, we now know, have been made to flagrant breaches of the parliamentary law on declaration of interests, and some of the evidence given to a parliamentary select committee has been shown to be lies.

Had things been handled differently, Sir Gordon's full report could have been published by Parliament itself. We would have much preferred that to happen. But it was clear that in spite of the forces anxious for publication — not just the opposition parties, but Sir Gordon himself, his masters, the Committee on Standards and Privileges, and even Conservative MPs who figure in the investigation — John Major and his Government remained obdurate, wholly indifferent to the public's right to know. This affair began with concealment — concealment from Parliament and the public of the secret and squalid motives which led MPs to table their questions: the cash which companies and their

lobbyists were ready so freely to put in their pockets. Now it culminates in a further concealment. John Major — honest John, as he used to be advertised, who began so well, setting up the Nolan committee, backing Sir Gordon's appointment, declaring on television that his report must be available before the election — has now decided instead on an election fought in the dark. For reasons which — insultingly — he has never even attempted to justify, he fixed the timetable for the election in such a way that Sir Gordon's report, which he himself had demanded, could not be published before the nation went to the polls.

Whose rights are infringed by this concealment? Most immediately, those of voters in those constituencies where MPs at the heart of Sir Gordon's investigations are offering themselves to the voters. The whole basis of the British electoral system cannot work if voters are denied essential information about those who aspire to represent them. The interim report published last week fulfils that requirement in the case of 15 named MPs — 11 Conservative, three Labour and one Liberal Democrat — whom Sir Gordon exonerates. The failure to arrange publication of the rest of his findings denies that essential safeguard in 10 other constituencies. In eight cases the MPs involved (though some are not standing again) have been identified in two cases, they have not. What are the voters to make of it? Either way, someone is wronged. Where these MPs are innocent, they have to fight the suspicion that they may be guilty. Where they are guilty, the concealment may save them from the retribution they deserve at the hands of electors. The electoral process is thereby

ing questions, thereby confirming everything Mr Al Fayed said about him, and placing a presumption of accuracy around the rest of what Mr Al Fayed has said about cash for questions.

Ministers' stance has been to defame the accusers rather than confront the accused. The accused, after all, were in a grey area: there were misunderstandings; the norms changed over the years; setting up Nolan, in any case, discharged the prime minister's responsibilities. Such was the attitude evinced in many signals the Government gave. Entirely of a piece with this was last week's screaming indignation that the only reason anyone was fussed about these sordid dealings was because some good unemployment figures needed to be covered up.

The apogee of this mind-set is the behaviour of Tim Smith. Exposed as confessing to an £18,000 pay-off, with shoddy tax avoidance on the side, he broke cover only to supply a flailing whinny about the Prime Minister's innocence in the matter — as if that is what matters to the voters of Beaconsfield, who are now about to enjoy their five-yearly window as the people who briefly matter most to him. Even now, Mr Smith believes he did nothing wrong. He still appears unmoved by the proposition that there was some discrepancy, some gulf of decency, between the bribes he took in the 1980s and his placement, with the assistance of the whips and the rest of the governing apparatus, on the Public Accounts Committee. "I genuinely believed, and still believe, that at the time I was acting in the public interest," he told Downey last month. What is a quick prorogation, to the party that harbours within it the morality of the imbicile?

Parliament doesn't need to be sitting for some of the scandals that Downey has unearthed to be minimally rectified. Parliament doesn't need to be sitting for Mr Smith and Mr Hamilton to declare that they do not have the effrontery to try to return there. The Speaker doesn't need to be in her chair for the Prime Minister to tell them that's what they should do. But first he must see that this is not some party game. The institution can be prorogued, but its integrity is not for dissolving. Or is that, as Mr Major said last week, "total and complete junk"?

frustrated; and needlessly frustrated, since but for John Major's obduracy, none of this need have occurred.

The injustice done to the rest of us is less specific, but it is real. Part of the context of the Government over the past few years has been sleaze. But without the Downey report, the electorate cannot judge how grave that offence has been. Either way, someone is wronged. The Prime Minister's failure to use the options before him to let the public see the report have fed the suspicion that the findings looked bad for his party. And the details we published confirm that they do. John Major sought to dismiss the whole affair as an "opposition stunt". That is not how most voters are likely to see it.

It is already clear that the procedures the House instituted when seized by shame and remorse over earlier allegations will need substantial amendment. They need to reflect the comfort of members less, and the rights of the public much more. Parliament, as for a while it seemed to accept, is on trial in this matter: its attachment to self-regulation will stand or fall by its resolution. For ourselves, we remain convinced that an independent commission against corruption, safe from interruption — or in this case disruption — by parliamentary prorogations or committees with in-built government majorities can alone provide the safeguards required in an honest democracy: can alone ensure that issues like these are resolved in the light, not the dark. We believe that Parliament holds its privileges not for itself but on trust for the people who are represented there. In this matter — the Prime Minister and Parliament itself have singularly failed to protect the essential rights of the voter.

Troops show their colours

SHOULDERS back. Eyes right. The army's appalling record of race discrimination is on parade again. The final report on the review of ethnic minority initiatives, commissioned by the Ministry of Defence, exposed widespread racial discrimination when it was published last week.

It shows that the handful of black troops that are recruited to the British army enter the forces as if through a revolving door. They go in with the intention of serving their country and learning a trade; they are subjected to abuse and physical harassment; they complain to superiors who tell them not to be so sensitive or, worse still, add racial insults to bodily injuries; and then leave when they can take no more and receive a hefty pay-off and an apology when their experiences are aired on cloy street.

Individual tales point to a scale of bigotry that has not been the norm in most other parts of Britain since the anti-discrimination legislation of the 1970s. Indeed the only surprising thing about the Commission for Racial Equality's threat to take legal action is that they did not make it and then execute it sooner. Ever since Prince Charles expressed his concern about the milky white complexion of the royal guards in the early 1980s this has been obvious terrain over which the CRE could jump freely and in good effect.

On its own, the CRE's intervention will achieve more for its credibility than it will for the black troops of today or tomorrow. Rigorous ethnic monitoring, complaints procedures with integrity and a top-down commitment to an equal opportunities programme should be welcomed as far as they go. But they are predicated on the idea that the army intends to be meritocratic. It doesn't, and it isn't. The army is still the British class system with uniforms and guns. What school you went to and what your father did counts for more than what you yourself can or should do.

For the children of recent immigrants, who are generally born into the working class but who are not even fully accepted there, signing up to such an institution is hardly inviting. With each horror story the likelihood of more black people coming forward becomes more remote. As a result, the issue of their under-representation becomes even more acute. The question is whether that spiral can be broken.

Experience in the United States suggests that it might. One of the few race lessons that Britain can learn from America may be found in the US army. The army is one of the few places in America where black people really can get on. Indeed, with 30 per cent of America's soldiers (compared with 11 per cent of the population generally), blacks are massively over-represented. The army provides one of the few opportunities to see white Americans taking orders from black ones.

True, blacks have been in America in large numbers far longer than they have in Britain. Admittedly, until relatively recently there were segregated squadrons and regiments. It is also true that the recent rape allegations in Aberdeen, Maryland, suggest that racism is rife in US ranks too. But the fact that blacks keep joining despite all that should tell Britain something.

First, that an army that is not based on merit cannot hope to correct fully the burden of its past. And, second, that the army is not just another public department. It is the face that a nation shows to the world during both war and peace. The idea that the army should be systematically victimising its own citizens because they are not white undermines the very concept of the Britain they are trying to defend.

Albanian minority threatens Macedonia

Danis Hautly-Guilraut in Tetovo

ALL THE signs are that the Republic of Macedonia's Albanian minority, which accounts for about a quarter of the country's population of 2 million, is now close to rebellion.

Observers point to various warning signs such as the nationalist slogans chanted by demonstrators in Tetovo when its mayor took office a few weeks ago ("This is Albania, Macedonians go home!"); the overwhelming victory of the radical Albanian Democratic Welfare Party (ADWP) at the 1996 local elections in towns with an Albanian majority; and the Albanian flag that has become a permanent fixture on Gostivar town hall.

The situation is all the more alarming because neighbouring Albania is in a state of total chaos — though the leaders of Macedonia's Albanian parties are careful not to comment on events there. They do no more than stress that the situation is improving and that the government of national reconciliation seems to have regained control.

One foreign observer thinks the mounting tension in Macedonia is "the greatest problem facing the country". He points out that "the lack of any increase in contacts between the two main communities has resulted in a real deterioration in their relationship. Macedonians are terrified Albanians will ask for autonomy or outright separation, while Albanians fear they will gradually become second-class citizens."

"Macedonia is no longer the oasis of peace it used to be," says a diplomat, alluding to the fact that Macedonia gained its independence in

November 1991 without bloodshed.

When, shortly after independence, President Kiro Gligorov formed a coalition government that included the Democratic Welfare Party (DWP), a moderate party representing the Albanian community, there were hopes that a period of consensus between the two communities had dawned.

But the lack of any real progress in the integration of the Albanian minority, as well as Tirana's direct pressure on the main party representing Albanians, led to a split in the DWP two years ago and the formation of the more radical ADWP, which is now easily the bigger party.

"It has now reached the point where the DWP's policies have become more radical and those party members who are still in the government feel sorely tempted to resign," a Macedonian journalist says.

"The situation has become more extreme simply because problems have not been solved," says Alajdin Demiri, the ADWP's spokesman, who has just taken office as mayor of Tetovo, a town some 40km from the capital Skopje where Albanians account for 75 per cent of the population.

"Our language is not recognised, and the Skopje authorities are doing everything in their power to deny us our most basic rights. We also want the university we set up in 1994 to be granted legal status, which is something the Skopje government has obstinately refused to do."

Tetovo's "unauthorised" university is run along the same lines as the university of Pristina, capital of the neighbouring Serbian province of Kosovo. There are lectures in the Albanian language on 10 subjects,

Le Monde

South Africa thinks deeply about its jails

Frédéric Chambon in Johannesburg

KHULEKANI Sithole, head of the prison service in South Africa, has come up with a novel idea: he thinks disused mines should be converted into high-security jails for the country's hardened criminals.

While his suggestion has been unanimously condemned in humanitarian and political circles, it has the support of a large majority of the population. According to a poll for a television programme, 94 per cent of those questioned said they were in favour of prisoners being incarcerated underground.

The poll result reflected South Africans' unhappiness with the rising crime rate and the inability of the police or the judicial system to do anything about it.

Sithole said underground imprisonment would provide a solution to overcrowding in jails and reduce the chances of prisoners escaping. It would also have an exemplary punitive effect. Some criminals, he said, had shown they were simply not prepared to conform to the rules of South African society. They were "animals" who should never be allowed to see the light of day again.

His remarks, which accompanied a proposal that carried overtones of concentration camps, caused an outcry from human rights associations, who denounced the "inhuman" and "barbarous" nature of the project.

The press, too, attacked what it described as the "proposal of a madman", while the political parties called for Sithole's resignation. In an attempt to take the heat out of the situation, the prisons minister said the intention was to convert the mines into "modern penal establishments". In the face of scepticism from mining experts, he confirmed that a feasibility study was under way.

The fact that Sithole should have dreamed up his proposal in the first place shows just how helpless the prison authorities feel. Like much of the South African civil service, the system they inherited was devised by a regime based on racial segregation and is quite unsuited to the post-apartheid era.

South African jails were designed to accommodate 97,000 prisoners, but now hold 124,000. Staff shortages and corruption explain why escapes have reached a record level of about 100 a month. The legal system is in no better shape: the courts are swamped with cases, short of funds and facing a backlog of 20,000 people held on remand.

The wide support enjoyed by the idea of turning mines into prisons shows how much public opinion has hardened in response to rising crime. The situation has been compounded by police inefficiency, which has resulted in a proliferation of self-defence militias.

It is all very well for the government to announce that the incidence of most types of crime is decreasing or, at worst, stagnating. But many South Africans have lost confidence in their police, their judiciary and their prisons. (March 18)

Russia faces blight of the living dead

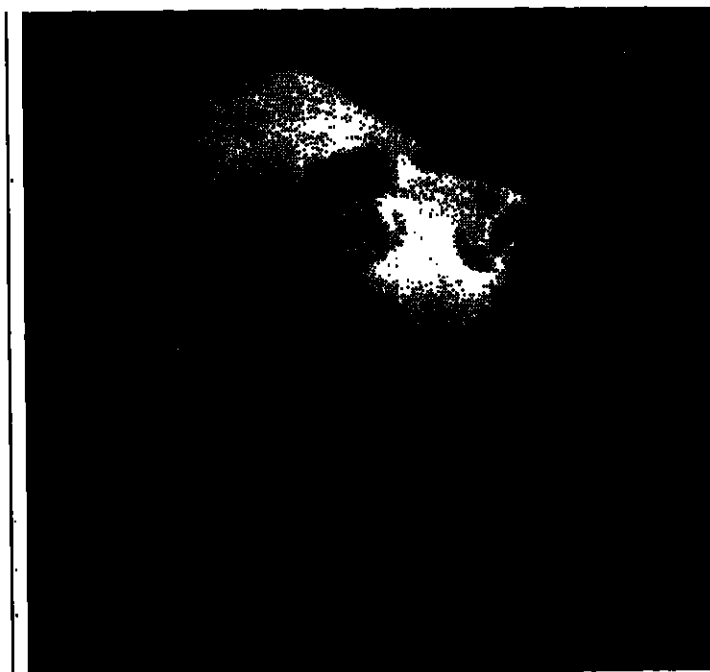
Jean-Baptiste Naudet in Moscow

TWO dead men in a poor state of preservation are proving something of a millstone for Russia, a newly democratic, republican and capitalist country that has long turned its back on both Soviet totalitarianism and Tsarist absolutism.

For almost 70 years the country's last tsar, Nicholas II, who was executed with his family by the Bolsheviks in 1918, has been awaiting a decent burial. His remains have been exhumed from a common grave in Sverdlovsk, but are being kept in a cardboard box at the city morgue until such time as they are taken to their final resting place.

For 73 years, the embalmed body of Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov — better known as Lenin — has been lying in a mausoleum on Red Square which remains open to the public, except during his annual chemical bath.

On the grounds that it is high time the new Russia stopped treating its last tsar with contempt and honoured its first president, it has been proposed that they should both be buried



Dead but not buried... Lenin still lying in state in the Red Square

— and the hatchet with them.

But the question of their burial, which has been dragging on since Russia became a democracy, is highly controversial and embarrassing to the authorities, particularly as the two enemies may both end up in St Petersburg — the tsar because it was the Imperial capital, and Lenin because it is thought he wanted to be buried there.

Even though 1997 has been proclaimed a year of "national reconciliation", the government is in a quandary. And no one more so than Boris Yeltsin, for it was he who, when party secretary in the region of Sverdlovsk, gave orders for the imperial Russian family's last residence to be demolished.

It is also a political issue. Some communists suspect that an attempt is being made to consign Lenin to oblivion, instead of giving him a proper burial, and to revive tsarism, if not the tsar.

The issue was further complicated when some members of Russia's "new élite" came round to the idea of allowing the tsar's heir to return to the throne. Analysts in Moscow attribute this sudden ideological U-turn to the fact that General Alexander Lebed, the opposition leader who has been crusading against the nomenklatura, would have a good chance of being elected to the Kremlin if Yeltsin were to make a premature exit.

Responsibility for the question of the tsar's burial and his possible canonisation has been given to the Orthodox church, which decided to set up a commission to look into the issue.

Lenin remains a problem. The Russian population is divided over the question of his burial. A recent poll showed that 48 per cent of better-educated, city-dwelling Russians were in favour of his being buried, while 38 per cent, mainly in rural areas, would prefer his mummified body to remain in the mausoleum.

Yeltsin, who has so far kept quiet about the tsar, recently made his position clear as regards Lenin: "He should be buried, as he wished, next to his mother in St Petersburg." But he immediately added: "Perhaps not straight away, but by the end of the year — or the end of the century." So the two skeletons in the cupboard of the new Russia still have plenty of life in them. (March 21)

Girls in Iran hide feelings behind veil

Private defiance behind a public mask of conformity makes it difficult for the mullahs to create the perfect Islamist society, writes **Mouna Naim** in Tehran

REFAH High School for girls in Tehran is a private establishment that groomes pupils to become members of Iran's future elite. Its pupils, who mostly speak excellent English, are lively and quick-witted, but the pat answers they come up with when questioned show that their whole view of the world has been coloured by Islam. Or at least that is what they say.

The Iranian regime, the only one in the world headed by clergy, is keen, as it prepares to hand over to the next generation, to reconcile scientific and technological development with the rigid moral standards of Islam.

For proof of this one needs to look no further than the Research Centre for Youth Affairs, which answers to the presidency. Its job is to supervise young people in 14 "essential areas", which range from education proper to "faith, knowledge, morals, spirituality, family and marital issues, the arts, literature, science and technology, physical education, and travel and tourism".

After polling 25,000 young people, the centre drew up a list of the tastes and preferences of the younger generation. The aim was to be able to answer certain needs, but also to exclude anything that does not conform with "Islamic culture and values".

Pupils at Refah High School express themselves in the jargon of their age group (15-17), but they put across exactly the same message as their elders of 35-40 who sit on the official Women's Cultural and Social Council, which is directly responsible to Iran's supreme political and religious leader, Ali Khamenei.

What did they think of the headscarves girls had to wear from the age of nine onwards? "Wearing it has to do with women's self-respect. Muslim women who do not cover their faces are certainly Muslims, but not perfect ones." Why? "Because the Prophet Muhammad said so, because our mothers and women relatives showed us the way, because we have studied and discovered the truth by ourselves."

They discovered from articles, some of them in Western magazines, that "sex is the cause of most problems in other societies".

What did they think of the Iranian government? "No government, in the world is perfect, and ours is no exception. But we trust it, and we shall help it to improve things by educating ourselves and asking for Allah's help."

What did they do in their spare time? "I study the Koran and other works, help my mother in the house and watch TV," said Zeinab. "TV programmes are good and varied. Some foreign movies are censored, but that doesn't matter because the bits cut out are not in line with our culture or our values."

Some of the girls who had travelled abroad thought other countries were OK, "but their religious message doesn't suit us". Asked if they never had the urge to do something different, like going dancing, there was a chorus of offended protest.

"You don't know how to ask the essential questions," one of them retorted. What were the essential questions? "Ask me what my aim in life is, and I'll tell you it is to learn how to be self-confident. I believe in God, in his prophet and in our Imams, and it's for all those reasons that I think dancing is a waste of time. One's life should be devoted to God — and so should one's spare time."

Were these teenagers, who want to become dentists, mathematicians and geneticists or take up religious studies, really saying what they thought, or simply repeating the stereotyped discourse they had learnt since nursery school?

"When you live in a closed room and you're constantly fed the same message, you can only believe what you're told," says a young woman medical student. "The indoctrination is such that ordinary people are becoming increasingly fanatical without even realising it. God knows, I'm fed up with the regime, but I catch myself almost glaring at women in the street who don't wear socks or thick dark stockings."



She says Islamist students exert strong pressure on the university, where many faculties are not co-educational and no male lecturer is permitted to teach female students if he is young and unmarried. Although there is not much censorship in scientific disciplines, many lecturers have given up teaching social sciences because there are so many taboo subjects.

Negin, a Westernised young woman from a bourgeois background, says: "We're forced to lie if we want any peace and quiet at home. Iranians, especially the young, are hypocrites, even schizophrenics — there's often a contradiction between their way of life at home and how they have to appear in public. All young people get the same religious education — it's compulsory. Yet look at the number of people who want more freedom."

"Lots of young people don't really know what freedom means, because they've never experienced it," says Mohamad. "Some of those who have had a chance to visit a European country come back describing women there as 'sluts'."

There is, then, a big difference between women's home life and their behaviour outside. They have to respect the segregation of men and women in cinemas, buses and queues, and wear either a chador

or, failing that, a headscarf and a very long coat. But even at home there is always the danger of a raid by "guardians of the revolution" or police, who arrest all those caught in the act of dancing or drinking a glass or two of home-brewed liquor.

In front of the Tehran offices of the organisation that enforces prohibitions, dozens of people are to be found every day waiting to inquire about relatives arrested on charges of breaking a prohibition or having a "rap" appearance — slovenly clothes, unorthodox hairstyles or ostentatious sunglasses.

A FEW HUNDRED daily arrests may seem trifling, but what the people of Tehran find intolerable is the very idea that their private lives can be invaded in this way.

"But don't kid yourself," Nazanin says. "The regime is broadly representative of most people, because they either agree with its ideology or have an interest in toiling the line." Nazanin and her friends spend most of their time at home listening to banned Western music and watching videos smuggled in from the United Arab Emirates or Turkey.

"The regime will never convince me that young men and women, just because they are Islamist, do not ex-

perience the same desires and attractions as other people of their age throughout the world."

The regime seems, for the time being at least, to have adopted a "live and let live" attitude towards those who refuse to comply with its guiding principles, though it also organises the occasional crackdown as a sop to ideological hardliners.

Many dissidents belong to a social class whose money and expertise will be vital for Iran's reconstruction and development and such time as its future cadres have been trained. In 1994, the regime invited all those who had left after the revolution to return home, and sometimes even returned their confiscated property.

To prevent the next generation from being "contaminated" by a culture "from elsewhere", the regime is targeting intellectuals who might cause "subversion", while hoping traditionalist conservatives, even if they do not actively support the regime, will remain broadly sympathetic to its ideas.

The question remains: is the general trend, as some argue, bound to be towards greater tolerance whether the regime likes it or not, or will the mullahs succeed in their bid to turn Iran into a model of a truly Islamist society?

(March 12)

Paris backs down on outside force for Zaire

Francis Cornu

OVER the past few months the French government has found it increasingly difficult to defend its policy on Zaire. On more than one occasion it has given the impression it is President Mobutu Sese Seko's last remaining ally.

Only recently, President Jacques Chirac said he was "the man in the best position to represent this country", while the French foreign minister, Hervé de Charette, claimed he was "the only person capable of resolving the problem" of Zaire's territorial integrity.

No doubt realising that its position had become untenable, France has now come out in support of the UN-appointed mediator, Mohamed Sahnoun. On March 17, it appealed to all the parties involved in the Zairean crisis to support his peace

plan, which calls for an immediate ceasefire.

"We continue to support Sahnoun's action, for the continuation of military conflict can only be destructive," says Jacques Rummelhardt, a French foreign ministry spokesman. When asked about Mobutu's health, he merely said that it was "the subject of further concern".

He refused to comment on remarks by the Belgian foreign minister, Erik Dierckx, who said of the rebel leader, Laurent-Désiré Kabila: "[He] is a factor that cannot be ignored. The Mobutu era ended some time ago. You can't turn the clock back."

A rather dispirited French diplomat admitted to *Le Monde* that France's tirelessly reiterated appeals for a large-scale international intervention to help the refugees have also fallen on deaf ears. The

French government is now desperately keen for Sahnoun to achieve an early breakthrough in his mission, despite the mood of scepticism now prevailing in international diplomatic circles.

Paris says that despite appearances Sahnoun has just made "interesting progress" and that he has had frequent talks with Kabila. The two men met on March 15 in Goma, only three days after a previous meeting brokered by the Ugandan president, Yoweri Museveni.

The hope in Paris is that Sahnoun's action will succeed before or during the African summit due to be held in the Togolese capital, Lomé, on March 25-28, under the aegis of the UN secretary-general, Kofi Annan.

French government sources say the "extraordinary" meeting of the Kinshasa government on March 17

was devoted to an examination of the UN peace plan's mode of enforcement, and point out, in answer to criticism of France's attitude, that its influence on Mobutu and Léon Kengo wa Dondo's government was instrumental in getting them to accept rapidly — and well before the fall of Kisangani — the broad lines of the peace plan, which provides for negotiations with Kabila.

After months of verbal skirmishing between Paris and Washington, French government officials have decided to stop voicing their differences with their American opposite numbers.

Interestingly, some French leaders are now convinced that the United States has not been acting with any Machiavellian intentions. Others, however, still fear Washington may stop short of putting real pressure on Kabila and his Ugandan and Rwandan allies, while at the same time officially warning them

against any continuation of hostilities. On this particular point, those in Paris who argue that the Americans have been acting in good faith must now feel reassured by the insistence with which Washington has reiterated its warnings.

The state department spokesman, Nicholas Burns, said on March 17 that the US government continued to be concerned about the mass of evidence that suggested the rebels were getting help from the governments of Uganda, Burundi and Rwanda. He said Washington was going to raise the issue with the countries concerned.

(March 19)

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The Washington Post

Yeltsin Returns to Face His Critics

David Hoffman in Moscow

PRESIDENT Boris Yeltsin returned from his talks with President Clinton in Helsinki to criticism that Russia gained nothing from the meeting and warnings that ratification of the Start II strategic arms accord will depend on whether Yeltsin finally lobbies for it.

Clinton said in his radio address in the United States last Saturday that the summit is "leading the world away from the nuclear threat." But Russians said the potential for further progress in reducing strategic nuclear weapons rests on whether Yeltsin can summon the political will to do what he has not yet done — persuade Russia's lower house of parliament, the State Duma, to approve the 4-year-old treaty.

In Helsinki, Yeltsin and Clinton agreed to begin a new round of strategic-arms negotiations, Start III, to significantly reduce the levels of nuclear weapons. But their joint statement in Helsinki said those negotiations would begin only after Start II takes effect.

The Start II nuclear-arms-reduction treaty was signed by Yeltsin and then-President Bush in January 1993 and was ratified by the

U.S. Senate last January, but it has made no headway in the Duma, where communists and nationalists are the largest factions.

Yeltsin told a news conference in Helsinki, "I expect the State Duma will make a decision based on my advice." However, backers of the treaty in the Russian parliament have complained for a long time that Yeltsin's support was practically invisible.

They repeated last Saturday that unless he makes a concerted effort to overcome the Duma's opposition, the treaty will continue to languish.

"What we will really need is a real promotional campaign. Until now we haven't had this kind of campaign," said Vladimir Averbuch, a legislator from the centrist Yabloko bloc who serves on the Foreign Affairs Committee.

Yeltsin's long illness and the distractions of the presidential campaign last year have left the strategic-arms accord low on parliament's list of priorities. Even those members who support ratification have bemoaned the lack of support from Yeltsin's administration in answering critics and explaining how it would affect Russia's weakened defense forces.

Yeltsin promised last year to get

the treaty ratified by April, but then nothing happened. When then-Defense Secretary William J. Perry came to the Duma last October to make a pitch for the treaty, he ran into a buzz saw of opposition.

The Start II treaty provides for between 3,000 and 3,500 warheads on each side. The treaty requires dismantling the more-dangerous multi-warhead missiles, which the Soviet Union had deployed. But critics say Russia now cannot afford to build up to the maximum level of single-warhead missiles that would be needed to remain on a par with the United States. The lower levels being discussed for a new treaty — between 2,000 and 2,500 warheads — would be easier for Russia, but the United States is insisting the Start II treaty be ratified before new, lower levels are negotiated.

Moreover, the Start II treaty has become enmeshed among communists and nationalists in a parliamentary backlash to NATO expansion. Yeltsin and Clinton remained deadlocked over NATO expansion at their talks but agreed to keep working on a NATO-Russia charter. Yeltsin dropped his earlier demand that the charter should be legally binding.

"Yeltsin got what he deserved: a complete no," said Communist Party leader Gennady Zyuganov. "The impression was as if he was summoned by the master who listened to him first and then said, 'The decision has already been taken.'" Zyuganov, who lost to Yeltsin in last year's presidential election, said Yeltsin "got it in the backside from his friend Bill."

Another Duma member from Yabloko was also critical. Mikhail Yuryev told the Interfax news agency that "the enlarged NATO will be directed against Russia." He said Russia must "re-examine its foreign-policy priorities" and "start to gradually form... new blocks to oppose NATO," suggesting Russia look to Iran, India and China as allies who "dialike the West."

A nationwide strike was being planned for March 27 because of wage and pension delays. Russian Aushiev, president of the Russian republic of Ingushetia, told Interfax that Russia should not be obsessed with NATO expansion. "We now have so many problems, especially economic ones, which are far more important than this issue, problems that need to be solved without delay," he said.

A Useful Summit

EDITORIAL

RUSSIA'S power has faded steadily over the past 10 years, but the iconography of Moscow-Washington summits remains generally unchanged, producing an odd phenomenon.

Two leaders of more or less equal geopolitical weight could once come to a hard-fought compromise and then go home and crow. Now there is not much to stop President Clinton scoring an easy victory, but he must be careful not to proclaim it. Such tactical Russian President Boris Yeltsin to go on co-operating and to claim victory, or at least a draw, when he returns to Moscow. But it also complicates Clinton's efforts to convince skeptics in the U.S. and in central Europe that he hasn't sold out U.S. or third-country interests.

In Helsinki last week, Clinton got what he wanted — de facto Russian acquiescence of NATO expansion eastward. In return, it appears that he gave Yeltsin small wins — this June's G-7 meeting in Denver will be called "the Summit of the Eight" — and "concessions" that are as much in U.S. interest as in Russia's, such as a pledge to further reduce nuclear-weapon arsenals. Still, both sides must portray the package as a carefully balanced compromise.

All that said, it's also true that this was a useful, productive summit. Yeltsin came to Helsinki with a weak hand, but he played it well, both tactically and as a matter of principle. He couldn't stop NATO accepting new members, such as Poland, but he could have lobbed some rhetorical hand grenades as he retreated and thereby shaken up Europe. That would have been self-defeating in the long run, but it might have felt good for a time.

Instead he chose a statesman's role. Europe and the world were watching, he said before the eight-hour talks, "that we do not lose the partnership that has developed in recent years... We will part from the summit as friends."

Potentially the most sensible accomplishment of the day was the new leaders' agreement on a new arms-control treaty, known as Start III, under which each side would reduce, by the year 2007, its strategic nuclear arsenal to between 2,000 and 2,500 warheads — one-fifth of the levels of five years ago.

Russia has yet to ratify Start II, in part because it would have to destroy thousands of one type of weapon and then, to reach parity with the U.S., actually build a new class of missile. That's not what Russia should be spending money on, even if it had the money.

Last week's agreement provides the assurance that those new weapons won't have to be built. But whether that's enough to persuade Russia's parliament to ratify Start II is uncertain — and without Start II, Start III can't happen.

Beijing Fury At Visit By Dalai Lama

Keith B. Richburg in Kaohsiung, Taiwan

THE scene last Saturday at the airport in this southern port city must rank among China's worst nightmares: the Dalai Lama, the exiled Tibetan "god-king" denounced for trying to "split the motherland" landing on the shores of this breakaway island accused of plotting its own move toward independence.

Outside the airport terminal there was a holier-than-thou display of the kind of street democracy still unheard of in Communist-controlled China. Tibetans and Taiwanese called for independence and denounced Beijing. Human-rights advocates handed out brochures challenging China's record on political repression. Occasional scuffles broke out between separatists and smaller groups calling for China to remain unified.

The Dalai Lama, Tibet's spiritual leader and a Nobel Peace Prize winner, said his trip to Taiwan — seen by Beijing as a renegade province — was purely religious in nature. China, which has occupied Tibet since invading it in 1950 and also claims sovereignty over Taiwan, lashed out at the visit: the official People's Daily called it "a political crusade upheld by splittist and Tibetan independence forces collaborating within Taiwan to split the motherland."

The six-day trip was the Dalai Lama's first to Taiwan, and he was being feted with the red-carpet treatment normally accorded a head of state. If Taiwan is considered a part of China — and the rival governments on opposite sides of the Taiwan Strait agree it is — then last Saturday also marked the first time he set foot on Chinese soil since he



The Dalai Lama salutes supporters during his Taiwan visit

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE CHUAN HSEN

and thousands of followers fled their Himalayan homeland in 1959.

In his arrival statement, the Dalai Lama stressed the spiritual, non-political nature of his visit. He talked about human values and the need to maintain spiritual harmony amid breakneck economic development. He spoke of himself as "just another human being" and declined to engage a reporter on whether his presence was likely to further enrage China. But he did say he was looking forward to meeting Taiwan's first democratically elected president, Lee Teng-hui, who, like the Dalai Lama, has been accused in official Chinese rhetoric of being a "splittist" out to divide China.

"I'm looking forward to seeing your president, Lee Teng-hui," the Dalai Lama said, speaking slowly in English. "Of course I always keep in my mind my activities... should not cause embarrassment to anybody. But the president seems willing to see me, so I am honored."

The meeting with Lee, due to take place on March 27, was expected to infuriate China's rulers.

The Dalai Lama has canceled a planned speech to Taiwan's democratically elected legislature, apparently to avoid causing further trouble with Beijing. A spokesman was quoted as saying the speech was scrapped because of the spiritual leader's strong desire "not to cause any inconvenience or embarrassment to the host government."

After his brief airport statement, the other-robed Dalai Lama was driven through flag-draped streets to his hotel and then to southern Taiwan's famed Fukuangshan temple. During his visit, he planned to hold a series of prayer meetings at stadiums.

If he and his backers were trying to play down the political symbolism of this trip, the word had not reached the hundreds who came here by the bus load, carrying banners denouncing China and proclaiming independence for Tibet and Taiwan.

Members of Taiwan's pro-independence Democratic Progressive Party were out in full force, with their green-and-white flag and a banner reading, "We support an independent Taiwan and Tibet." The party nationally has lately been de-emphasizing its pro-independence stance, but the local chapter here had no reservations about making the party's position known.

"When you're running for office, people know you are for independence, so it's not necessary to say it every day," one party official explained from behind the banner.

Also on hand was the Taiwan Independence Party, a breakaway group that split from the Democratic Progressive Party over accusations that the Democrats were growing soft in their independence position.

Tibetans also turned out in large numbers, wearing traditional costume. They held signs with slogans such as "Tibet is Free!"

Tobacco Firm Settles Suits

John Schwartz
and Sandra Torry

THE smallest of the major American tobacco companies settled 22 state lawsuits last week by admitting that smoking causes cancer and other diseases, that nicotine is addictive and that the industry targets underage smokers — concessions that could have repercussions for the entire industry.

Liggett Group Inc. also agreed to release thousands of pages of internal documents that could provide damaging evidence in lawsuits still pending against other cigarette makers and to provide Liggett employees to testify as witnesses in those cases.

Minnesota Attorney General Hubert H. Humphrey III compared the Liggett action to "turning state's evidence," and said, "this is a little like busting a street drug dealer to get at the Colombian drug cartel."

"I believe this is the beginning of the end of this conspiracy of lies and deception," said Arizona Attorney General Grant Woods at the news conference where the agreement was announced. "Someone is finally telling the truth."

Breaking for the second time with the tobacco industry's united front, Liggett also agreed to beef up the warning labels on its products and pay 25 percent of pre-tax profits to the states for the next 25 years. The money would be used to help pay for the costs of treating smokers' health problems and for anti-smoking programs, which is what the original lawsuits had sought.

Before the deal was even signed, the other major tobacco companies denounced the agreement and raced to court in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where they won a court order temporarily blocking Liggett from releasing documents covered by other companies' attorney-client privilege.

Liggett immediately released a handful of documents that it determined were not covered by attorney-client privilege to the attorneys general, and sent the thousands of

pages of protected documents to courts around the country hearing the state suits. If a judge determines that the documents show that crimes or fraud had occurred, the legal protections for those papers could be broken.

The first state trial begins on June 2 in Mississippi. The documents also could be used in some 200 other individual and class-action lawsuits filed against cigarette makers by smokers, ex-smokers and people who say they are victims of secondhand smoke.

In addition, federal prosecutors investigating the tobacco industry said they would be taking a close look at the documents as possible evidence of fraud and false statements to Congress and government agencies. A Justice Department spokesman said "the department will seek any information and

'This is like busting a street dealer to get at the Colombian drug cartel'

documents that are germane to its investigation."

The admission that companies target children could also help the Clinton administration's initiative giving the Food and Drug Administration power to limit youth access to tobacco products, which is currently being challenged in federal court in North Carolina.

The other major tobacco companies were quick to denounce the agreement, saying it was part of an ongoing effort by Liggett Chairman Bennett S. LeBow in his bid to sell Liggett to R.J. Reynolds. Under the new agreement, a company that acquires Liggett would be protected from some of the financial obligations of mounting an appeal if it loses one of the suits. The new agreement comes a short time before the annual meeting of R.J.R.'s shareholders.

Tobacco stocks fell on news of the

agreement on Thursday last week. Philip Morris, the world's biggest tobacco firm, was down 5 percent to \$115.87, and fell to \$115.30 on Friday. R.J.R. Nabisco Holdings lost 2 percent on Thursday, closing at \$31.50.

Tobacco industry analysts were unimpressed by the news. "I don't think this settlement is anything earthshaking," said Diana K. Temple of Salomon Brothers.

But experts and anti-smoking activists said Wall Street had failed to account for the impact Liggett's admissions could have on juries weighing tobacco liability cases. If Liggett documents showed the industry had been lying for generations, it could also alienate tobacco companies' traditional defenders in Congress and state legislatures.

Liggett first broke ranks with the tobacco industry in March 1996, when LeBow announced that the company had settled with five of the states that had sued at that time, and had reached a separate agreement with attorneys mounding a massive class-action suit against the industry in New Orleans.

Since that agreement, however, the so-called Castano class-action suit was thrown out by a federal appeals court last year, causing it to be broken up into several smaller suits. At the same time, the number of states suing the industry has climbed to 22, and a number of cities and counties have also filed lawsuits.

Although all of the states have joined the Liggett settlement, one of the major participants has refused to sign: Blue Cross Blue Shield of Minnesota, which joined Humphrey to mount what is probably the biggest litigation effort. Minnesota has gathered more than 26 million industry documents in warehouses in the state and outside of London.

The insurer objected to a provision of the agreement that attempts to create a "settlement class" of plaintiffs whose rights to sue would be forfeited. "We won't be part of any type of settlement that promises much, but delivers little," said Andy Azajkowski, president and chief operating officer of Blue Cross.

TB Epidemic Levels Off Under Low-Cost Strategy

Cur Suplee

A STRICT but inexpensive tuberculosis control program has caused the worldwide TB epidemic to level off for the first time in years at an estimated 16 million to 20 million active cases, the World Health Organization reported last week.

Global implementation of the strategy, called "directly observed treatment short-course" (DOTS), could prevent as many as 10 million deaths worldwide during the next 10 years, the WHO projected in a new report.

DOTS, in which health workers ensure that patients take all their medicine for a full six-month course of treatment, "produces cure rates as high as 95 percent, even in the poorest of countries," the report said. The approach eventually could "cut in half" the global trend of the disease, which results in 6 million to 8 million new cases annually, the WHO said. Before 1996, incidence had been rising by more than 1 million cases a year, and WHO had predicted an annual increase of 10.2 million cases by 2000.

Three-quarters of the world's TB cases are in 13 countries, including China, India, Bangladesh, Brazil, Indonesia, Mexico and Zaire. Conditions are particularly severe in Pakistan, Ethiopia, Thailand, the Philippines, South Africa and Russia. In Russia alone, incidence increased 70 percent from 1991 to 1996, and the TB death rate rose 90 percent.

But the report emphasized that a global DOTS strategy also should be endorsed by affluent nations because "there is no other feasible way to protect the world's 500 million annual international travelers — and the people they return home to." And the specter of proliferating drug-resistant strains, WHO noted, threatens "everyone who breathes air, from Wall Street to the Great Wall of China."

Worldwide, WHO estimates that as many as 2 billion people are in-

fectured with the TB bacterium, the world's leading infectious killer of adults in the prime years between ages 15 and 59. However, only a small fraction of those will develop an active case of the disease.

The DOTS program requires local health-care personnel to guarantee that TB patients take the entire six-month course that combines four strong, proven medications. Often, to save money, avoid inconvenience or elude social stigma, infected people quit the drug regimen as soon as they feel better, but long before the disease is stopped.

In China, the DOTS regimen achieved 94 percent cure rates, he said; elsewhere it consistently produced 85 percent rates.

The cost of the entire course of treatment is about \$100 per patient in less developed countries, where health-care labor costs are low, Bunge said. "On a per capita basis, that's not much more than 10 cents" for each person in the total population, he said. So it is affordable by "even the poorest countries, which may be spending \$5 or \$6 per capita per year on health care."

The microbe that causes TB — Mycobacterium tuberculosis — is extremely hardy, easily spread by coughing and contagious through the air. As a result, "when a patient is not cured," the WHO report warns, "he or she will infect, on average, 10 to 15 friends, family and co-workers each year."

Halting treatment prematurely also encourages the growth of multiple drug-resistant strains of the TB bacterium because the strongest, most virulent types survive a few doses of antibiotics. WHO estimates that as many as 50 million persons are infected with multiple drug-resistant TB, including 18 percent of the cases in Lithuania and 14 percent in Estonia. Because there are no drugs to treat it, multiple drug-resistant TB is "virtually a death sentence, even in developed countries," said Richard Bunge, deputy director of WHO's Global TB Programme in Geneva.

While the final tally is not in, the FMLN won at least seven of the 14 state capitals, including not only the national capital, but the nation's second-largest city, Santa Ana. It is expected to win about 100 of the 262 municipalities, up from 14 in 1994.

And the FMLN was narrowly edged out as the biggest party in the 84-seat legislative assembly. While the FMLN won 28 seats, up from 12, the governing Republican Nationalist Alliance (Arena) won 29

Salvadoran Left Wins Via Ballot Box

Douglas Farah in San Salvador

WHEN Hector Silva sneaked back into the country 12 years ago to begin organizing political support for Marxist guerrillas and a negotiated end to the nation's civil war, he could not have foreseen that his journey would culminate with his election as the mayor of San Salvador.

But Silva's stunning victory in this capital of 1.4 million is the most visible sign of the political tremor that shook El Salvador on March 16 during legislative and municipal elections. For the first time, former Marxist guerrillas of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN) won through the ballot box what they had sought during 12 years of war against the U.S.-backed government: a measure of real power within the political system.

Silva, 49, a U.S.-educated gynecologist, was a political ally of the FMLN, but not a member or a combatant. However, the FMLN was by far the largest party in the coalition Silva led to victory, making him the most visible elected leftist official in Central America.

His election and other FMLN gains reversed a tide that has seen the left and its revolutionary rhetoric swept from the political scene across the region.

"The future of the country and the city depend on two things," Silva said in an interview. "First is the FMLN: how it acts and if it understands that governing is judged on results, and that it has to deliver. The second is the private sector, which has to understand it has to share a little more. If it wants to strangle my administration, that will be a problem."

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And the FMLN was narrowly edged out as the biggest party in the 84-seat legislative assembly. While the FMLN won 28 seats, up from 12, the governing Republican Nationalist Alliance (Arena) won 29



Every vote counts... A man walks past election posters in San Salvador, where Hector Silva was the victor. PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUGLAS FARAH

seats, down from 38 in the previous assembly. The rest of the seats are held by a variety of smaller parties.

The strong FMLN showing has sent shock waves through Arena, which has dominated the political scene since 1988, handily winning the past four elections, two for the presidency and two for municipal and legislative offices. Arena leaders claimed their followers stayed home because they were overconfident.

At a news conference on March 20, President Armando Calderon Sol said Arena had to begin a "process of analysis and reflection" to see why its power share shrank

so much, and to begin preparing for the 1999 presidential elections.

Arena was set up in 1980 as part of a paramilitary structure aimed at wiping out communism, represented by the FMLN. While Arena has become more institutionalized and the FMLN has laid down its weapons as part of a 1992 U.N.-brokered peace agreement and has become a legal party, antagonisms still exist.

During the 1980s, the United States, fighting proxy wars against the Soviet Union, poured \$6 billion in economic and military aid into this Vermont-sized country of 6 million in an effort to defeat the FMLN.

Luis Cardenal, president of the Chamber of Commerce, said there was "moderate concern" among the business community that the FMLN, with its new strength, would revert to its Marxist ideology and begin nationalizing industries and driving away foreign investment. He acknowledged Silva's reputation for integrity and moderation and said he hoped all sides could work together.

"Six years ago these same people used Marxist discourse, calling for socialism and against private enterprise," Cardenal said in an interview. "They were outside the law. Now they have a chance to support their new discourse with actions, and I hope they do. The conditions around the world and in this country have changed."

Perhaps nothing better measures the change than the fact that Mario Valiente, the outgoing mayor of San Salvador and Arena leader, called Silva to congratulate him, as did Calderon Sol.

It was the first time Arena had to concede a major electoral defeat to its former armed enemies, and it was especially painful because the mayor of San Salvador is widely considered the second-most powerful elected position in the country.

But there is concern the central government, which provides some funding for the capital, and big businessmen who support Arena could try to choke Silva's administration.

"The true test of the elections will be how much support the municipal government gets from the central government in a place where the latter holds all the cards and most of the money," said political analyst Leonel Gomez.

Silva, sitting in a modest office that served as his campaign headquarters, said he had been invited to meet with leaders of the private sector and would try to convince them that withholding funds from his administration would be bad for the country and the democratic process.

Silva, who was born in Massachusetts, where his father studied at Harvard University, said the fact that the FMLN let him run as their candidate, rather than a party militant or former combat commander, showed thinking had changed.

Court Asked To Rule On Internet

Joan Blakupic
and John Schwartz

IN THE Supreme Court's first venture into cyberspace, the justices seemed receptive last week to the idea that the government should shield children from sexually indecent materials on the Internet. But they were skeptical about whether a broad new federal law aimed at limiting computer pornography unfairly censors users of the network that connects millions worldwide.

During a 70-minute session with two premier legal advocates, the justices expressed uncertainty about how to deal with the emerging technology and concern about how much control Congress should have as it attempts to regulate a growing sphere of public conversation.

The case, one of the most closely watched this term, immerses the high court in a complex and unexplored area of free speech with potential implications for lawmakers and parents, librarians and educators, and online businesses. A crowd filled the courtroom as free-speech activists and anti-pornography advocates gathered in the snow outside.

At issue is a law passed last year that makes it illegal to transmit sexually explicit material to anyone under age 18. The law excludes from prosecution those who make a "reasonable, effective and appropriate" attempt to keep indecent material out of the hands of minors.

While some justices suggested Congress was stifling constitutionally protected conversations between adults, it seems unlikely the high court will rule with the unanimity of the special three-judge panel that struck down the law last summer. Although the high court could ultimately find that the Communications Decency Act violates the First Amendment, the justices last week seemed sharply divided in both inclination and legal approach. A decision in Reno vs. American Civil Liberties Union may occur by July.

Some justices were troubled by how freely minors can get access through their computers to pornography, which they cannot get in bookstores or adult theaters. But they also questioned the practicality of enforcing the law: How, say, could someone sending sexually explicit material screen out children yet still communicate with adults?

Justice Sandra Day O'Connor described the Internet as "a public place... much like a street corner or a park." But reflecting some of her ambivalence as well as that of others on the bench, she later suggested that Congress may have authority to restrict a narrow category of "patently offensive" materials.

Arguing in defense of the federal law, Deputy Solicitor General Seth P. Waxman said an unregulated Internet "threatens to give every child with access to a computer a free pass to the equivalent of every adult bookstore and theater in the country."

He added that "it is technically feasible to screen for age." Although the lower court that first reviewed the law said it would be prohibitively expensive for noncommercial Internet users to verify the ages of potential recipients, Waxman insisted teenagers could be stopped from accessing indecent material through the use of identification numbers distributed only to adults.

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Campaign Finance Eludes Easy Solution

OPINION
David S. Broder

ONE DOOR to reforming the campaign finance system was shut last week but another, more promising one was pushed further open.

A Senate vote proved conclusively that the Constitution will not be amended this year to make government regulation of political spending easier. After a few days of desultory debate, the Senate voted 61-38 to kill a constitutional amendment that would have allowed Congress and the legislatures to set "reasonable limits" on spending for federal and state elections. The amendment would have reversed a 1976 Supreme Court decision that said unless a candidate voluntarily accepts spending limits, restrictions on the size of his campaign treasury violate his First Amendment freedom of speech.

The proposed amendment was adapted from one Sen. Ernest F. Hollings, D-South Carolina, has offered in the past and was endorsed

this year by the Democratic leaders of the Senate and House.

The public clearly wants reform, and many members of Congress also want to stop the runaway fund-raising race. But 11 of the 45 Democrats and 50 of the 54 voting Republicans dis-
cerned the danger the amendment posed to essential democratic freedoms. As Sen. Robert Bennett, R-Utah, noted, incumbents would be tempted to decide that a "reasonable limit" on spending was so low that challengers would, in effect, have no chance to compete against someone enjoying the perks of office.

The broader threat to First Amendment freedoms was pointed out by the range of organizations that sent representatives to a pre-vote news conference organized by Sen. Mitch McConnell, R-Kentucky, the leading opponent of the Hollings amendment and of other legislative efforts to limit campaign spending.

They included not only such Republican allies as the National Rifle Association, the Christian Coalition, the National Right to Life Committee, the National Association of

Business Political Action Committees, but such liberal organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Education Association and the National Rural Letter Carriers union. Disagree as they might on other issues, they came together out of a shared conviction that, as McConnell put it, the proposed amendment would "cut a big hunk out of the First Amendment."

That fear is not easily dismissed. Earlier in the same week, a more hopeful note emerged from a conference arranged by Paul Taylor, executive director of the Free TV for Straight Talk Coalition, working with the Annenberg Public Policy Center of the University of Pennsylvania. Taylor, a former Washington Post reporter now employed by the Pew Charitable Trusts, enlisted Walter Cronkite and a host of other big names, who last fall pressured television broadcasters into giving presidential candidates blocks of free time to speak directly to the voters.

The conference reviewed the results of that experiment and debated what might come next. The report card, prepared by the Annenberg

Center and released last week, gave mixed grades. With broadcast times varying from network to network (instead of the nightly, prime-time slot Taylor had hoped for) and with little publicity, the programs were seen by only one-fifth of the voters surveyed — most of them already avid consumers of political information.

On the other hand, the programs were judged to be informative and relatively free of personal attacks and inflammatory language. Cronkite told the conference that it is now incumbent on the networks to expand the free time option and promote the programs better. President Clinton said the Federal Communications Commission should make free time for candidates part of the "public service requirement" broadcasters must fulfill in return for their free (and highly profitable) use of the public airwaves.

There were dissenters. Two political consultants, one from each party, objected to the requirement that the candidates speak for themselves in free time, as it meant the emotion-laden visual images and sound effects they love would be barred — an infringement, they said, of their First Amendment rights and a barrier to effective communication.

Too Easy to Digest

James Ledbetter

AMERICAN DREAMERS: The Wallace and Reader's Digest — An Inside Story
By Peter Canning
Simon & Schuster, 379pp., \$27.50

THE SAGA of DeWitt and Lila Wallace, founders of Reader's Digest, is so rich and emblematically American that it has inspired a half-dozen books over the years. Peter Canning's book distinguishes itself by giving a view from deep inside the RD world — he was the magazine's managing editor for years — that thankfully avoids the superficiality associated with the average memoir.

From the outside, the Wallace story is a shining American fable of entrepreneurship rewarded. The idea behind Reader's Digest was stunningly simple, an extension of Wallace's early attempts to help farmers by printing summaries of freely available Agriculture Department pamphlets. The magazine boom of the teens and '20s gave Wallace ample raw material to present readers with a broader sample of articles "of enduring value."

Unlike as it seems to those accustomed to the Digest's contemporary aura of moral conservatism, the first issues were actually published from Greenwich Village's MacDougal Street, a main artery of bohemian life during the Roaring Twenties. Indeed, the Wallaces recruited tipsy speakasy regulars to wrap and mail copies of the first issue in January 1922.

No one could have anticipated its success. By 1941, the RD circulation was an astounding four million. Even more extraordinary was the Wallaces' generosity toward employees: During the Depression, Wallace paid his managing editor and business manager more than \$100,000 a year; to this day, journalists covet the high pay and leisurely pace of Digest jobs.

Although easily mocked, the Digest formula — emphasizing optimism, simplicity and pragmatism — obviously tapped deeply into the American psyche. On occasion the Digest provided genuine public service: One of the earliest articles on the horrors of automobile safety, "And Sudden Death," ran in the August 1935 issue, prompting thousands of reprints and letters.

By the late '40s, Reader's Digest was the planet's most successful magazine, reaching 16 million readers worldwide and providing the Wallaces with far more money than

a couple could possibly spend. As Canning deftly shows, however, the Horatio Alger facade hid darker sides. While Canning never quite says that Lila Wallace was extraordinarily prolific, he strongly implies it. Meanwhile, DeWitt carried on a bizarre, seven-year affair with his niece that consisted primarily of groping her during lengthy daytime binges in Manhattan bars.

As the Wallaces grew older, they isolated themselves in a castle called High Winds, losing touch with readers and staff alike. DeWitt's dedication to a simple idea made him reluctant to accept innovations — advertising, publishers' sweepstakes — that eventually became irresistible. Almost as inevitably, the growth of the RD empire attracted a shocking number of leeches at all levels. From Manhattan lawyers who finagled sweetheart stock deals down to servants who helped themselves to gold platters, the Wallaces became quintessential suckers.

Canning's research into the company's interior pays off dearly as his narrative arrives in the 1980s. With the Wallaces' withdrawal, the empire threatened to crumble. Financially, the magazine was torn between those who clung to Wallace's vision of a service to readers and employees and those who clamored for greater profits; editorially, the rift was between traditionalists in New York and the hard right-wing Washington bureau, which viewed the Digest's international presence as a handy conduit for CIA propaganda. The latter won out in a 1984 coup.

In its denouement, American Dreamers becomes almost comic. Canning's access to limo drivers and gardeners makes the book read like some real-life Wuthering Heights, where servants control the destinies of falling families.

At times Canning's closing chapters threaten to become tracts against two principals — Barnabas McHenry and Lawrence Rockefeller — whom Canning blames for some of the more extreme white-collar rip-offs of RD stock. While Canning's evidence of inappropriate conduct is convincing — legal decisions were being made in DeWitt Wallace's name well after his mental and physical faculties had deteriorated — it's rarely clear what, if any, alternatives were possible. The fall of the house of Wallace was brought on by greed and corporate modernization; Canning's skill is in documenting how those indomitable forces combined to make a very American tragedy.

By the late '40s, Reader's Digest was the planet's most successful magazine, reaching 16 million readers worldwide and providing the Wallaces with far more money than



Cast of thousands... Henry Moore's *Mother and Child* shows the open-jawed child reaching for the nipple.

The Breast of the Matter

Marina Warner

A HISTORY OF THE BREAST
By Marilyn Yalom
Knopf, 331 pp., \$29.95

WAX replicas of parts of the body have been found in the most ancient shrines; some of these reproduce women's breasts, offerings made no doubt to forestall infant mortality or wasting disease. The word in Greek for a woman's breast — *mammae* — clearly identifies it above all with motherhood. Early erotic associations, distinct from nurture and survival, seem to stir in such famous wonders of antiquity as the snake goddess of the Minoans, brandishing serpents in her flounced Sunday best, and in the coquettishness of the Venus *pudica* pose, when the goddess shields her breast and her public cleft, and in so doing, draws attention to them.

Marilyn Yalom has chosen a rich and fascinating theme. *A History of The Breast* opens grandly: "I intend to make you think about women's breasts as you never have before." The author's basic metaphor for approaching her theme is drawn from the school of libertarian thought about rights that sees everything as property. "Who owns the breast?" she asks truculently, a lawyer at the rostrum. She

has called many remarkable female witnesses — such as the 17th-century midwife Louise Bourgeois; Fanny Burney, with her excruciating, courageous account of her mastectomy, in 1811, performed at home, without opiates of any kind; and the Mexican artist Frida Kahlo. But Yalom also relies on male testimony and drifts away from her appointed task; necessarily, many of the images in this richly illustrated volume are man-made, eloquent of their trespassing hungers.

Speeding through changes in taste and focus, Yalom stops to contemplate Dutch domestic ideals, pre-Enlightenment wet-nursing and the propaganda for mother's milk. She introduces some powerful material about "nannies," who nursed the master's offspring on the plantations, often at the expense of their own. "Modern democracies," she writes harshly, "invented the politicized breast and have been cutting their teeth on it ever since." This is synthetic history, born of papers of a thousand conferences, the cut of many pastures.

The strongest chapters bring the history up to date, with "the psychological breast" and "the medical breast," when Marilyn Yalom's sympathy and involvement live up to her tone. She reviews psychoanalytical theories of the Good and Bad Breast, which inspired, for example, some of

Henry Moore's most savage *Mother and Child* sculptures, showing the baby open-jawed and snatching like a nursing shark. Yalom parodies Freud's theory of penis envy, substituting the breast: The passage is funny and convincing. She also has a vivid sense of the current breast-cancer crisis: "One in eight or nine American women can expect to be diagnosed with the disease," she writes. She struggles to cope with the turmoil of artistic — and comic — ventures through which women are reclaiming the breast: in feminist pornography (Annie Sprinkle), nipple rings, poetry. There are some unkind examples, but Sharon Olds's erotic lines on making love while feeding a baby have an unveiled immediacy that exceeds them. But the book doesn't reach into that American imagery that has fetishized large breasts (and penises) any more satisfyingly than it manages to persuade when it comes to such vexed issues as women's porn and body piercing. The individualist argument — if it's a woman doing it, it's her body, so that must be O.K. — simply doesn't meet the sensitivities and complexities of the debate over time, or, indeed, in individual lives. Oddly, after several hundred pages, *A History of The Breast* leaves this most powerful of bodily symbols thoroughly exposed but still a mystery.

Communal Eden Before the Fall

Dwight Garner

THE BEACH
By Alex Garland
Riverhead, 384 pp., \$23.95

ALEX GARLAND, at age 26, seems like a natural-born storyteller. He's written a furiously intelligent first novel about backpacker culture in Southeast Asia, a book that moves with the kind of speed and grace many older writers can only daydream about. Just as impressively, Garland has written what may be the first novel about the search for genuine experience among members of the so-called X Generation — twentysomethings weaned on video games, MTV, and

decades' worth of pop debris — that's not snide or reflexively cynical. The Beach combines an unlikely group of influences — *The Heart of Darkness*, Vietnam war movies, *The Lord of the Flies*, the Super Mario Brothers video game — into a propulsive tale about Richard, the book's Western narrator, whom we first meet when he arrives on Bangkok's Ko Sahn Road with a crippling case of jet lag. The Ko Sahn Road, Richard explains, is a "backpacker land" — a slightly unreal place that serves as "a decompression chamber for those about to leave or enter Thailand; a halfway house between the East and the West." The place is bustling with stoned, aimless young travelers

who are eager for adventure but who have a vague sense that everything worth doing has already been done — that there are no remaining unexplored corners of the world.

Richard awakens from his first night in a cheap guest house to find that another traveler, a man he knows only as Mr. Daffy Duck, has committed suicide in an adjacent room and has left him a well-drawn map to a spot referred to only as The Beach. It's a place that Richard and others have heard rumors about — a remote, unspoiled island lagoon, sheltered from the sea and surrounded by a jungle. Along with a bored young French couple, he decides to seek it out.

The trip toward this traveler's

holy grail is a nearly lethal obstacle course involving illegal boat journeys, dangerous swims, and navigating guarded pot fields. But like many members of his generation, who have never been confronted with war or mortal crisis, he feels an almost genetic need to test his mettle. "The only missing element," he says at one point, "was a Doors soundtrack."

They do eventually find their beach, and it is a kind of paradise — a communal Eden where a dozen or so travelers have established a self-sustaining community. Garland delivers some fine writing about group dynamics and about how Richard and his friends lose themselves in this ostensibly perfect new world.

The most dramatic sections of *The Beach* arrive, however, in its second half, when this Edenic life

begins to spin out of control. Realities emerge among the settlers; paranoia sets in about others who may be trying to reach the island; local drug lords become menacing; even murder among members of the beach's community becomes plausible. Worse, Richard is haunted by the ghost of the man who left him the map.

By the book's close, things have gone spectacularly wrong in paradise. "Over the months of my beach life, I'd done enough to keep me in nightmares for the next twenty years," Richard says. Garland, on the other hand, gets nearly everything spectacularly right: This isn't a perfect novel — a few of the characters and situations are sketchier than they should be — but *The Beach* is nonetheless ambitious, propulsive fiction.

Steel hit by metal fatigue

Antony Barnett

BRITISH Steel loves to quote the fact that in 1979 it took more than 14 man hours to produce a tonne of liquid steel; today, it takes less than four. The result is that although it makes almost as much steel in 1997 as it did 18 years ago, its workforce has dropped from 200,000 to around 50,000.

However, despite British Steel's position as the most efficient producer in Europe — it made a record \$1.7 billion profit last year — the already reduced workforce last week found out that up to 10,000 jobs are likely to go over the next five years.

The company puts most of the blame on the 20 per cent rise in the pound's value against the mark, in which European steel is traded. Each 10penny fall against the pound wipes at least \$150 million off the

company's bottom line. But while there is no doubt that sterling's strength has hit the company's margins, analysts believe it has merely brought forward a rationalisation that was inevitable.

There is still large overcapacity in the European steel industry; some say production exceeded demand by 20 million tonnes last year.

It is this that last week led two of Germany's steel and engineering behemoths to lock horns. Krupp Hoesch announced an \$8 billion hostile takeover for rival Thyssen, a bid it later abandoned after Thyssen declared it had won support from a blocking 25 per cent of shareholders opposed to the offer, and Krupp was unable to finance the takeover without incurring intolerable debt burdens. Now the two are to go ahead with a merger of their steel operations, which will come under the ex-

ecutive control of Thyssen, thus creating Europe's third-largest producer of crude steel. Eurofer, the European steel producers' association, welcomed the Krupp/Thyssen proposal as necessary to reduce capacity.

It is widely accepted that a radical consolidation in the European steel industry is overdue. Paul Compton, steel analyst with Merrill Lynch, has no doubts there are too many players. "There are 16 or so steel producers in Europe; we need six. Japan's steel market is the same size as Europe's and it has half a dozen. With so many operators, there will never be price stability."

Today's difficulties stem mostly from the historic and political nature of the industry. After the war, nations that had depended on steel to back their military campaigns looked to it to help rebuild their economies. Most steel producers were nation-

alised and those privately owned were strictly controlled. But once the post-war expansion had abated, the industry faced surplus capacity and excessive costs. In the 1970s new, highly efficient producers emerged in Japan and South Korea. Then aluminium and plastic arrived as possible replacements for steel.

The number of steelworkers in Europe dropped from more than 900,000 to about 330,000. Massive state aid was used to prop up loss-making industries, but as the burden on public finance rose, privatisation appeared to offer a way out.

British Steel was privatised in 1988, turning it from a heavy loss-maker to Europe's most profitable producer. France followed in 1995, privatising Usinor Sacilor. Italy has sold its state-owned steel producer to a private company and Spain is preparing to sell a stake in its producer, CSI — Usinor Sacilor is hotly tipped as a buyer. If this happens, it will be seen as the first of a wave of international alliances. — *The Observer*

In Brief

THE pound's rapid rise against competing currencies has knocked export demand for UK manufactured goods down to its lowest level for more than three years, the Confederation of British Industry announced.

MICROSOFT shares dropped by as much as 7 per cent after the company announced that the next generation of its Windows 95 computer operating system might not be on the market until after Christmas. More than 23 million shares changed hands on the news.

SCOTTISH AMICABLE has been acquired by Prudential for \$2.4 billion. More than a million policyholders will receive around \$2,200 each following the takeover.

MILLIONS of Norwich Union policyholders will each receive free shares worth at least \$1,000 in Britain's first flotation of a mutual insurance company.

KYRIACOS PAPOUIS, the trader at the centre of the \$140 million interest rate "black hole" at NatWest Markets, is still refusing requests to co-operate with the banking group's investigation into the scandal.

THE Institute of Directors admitted that bulging pay packets for some of Britain's top bosses — particularly in the privatised utilities — had damaged the image of business and called for City institutions to press for the removal of directors who failed to perform.

FRENCH carmaker Renault has clocked up its first loss for a decade, falling FF5.25 billion (\$903 million) into the red in 1996. However, the company expects to show an operating profit this year.

GUINNESS announced record profits of \$1,520 million, an improvement of 5 per cent over last year that includes an expensive share buy-back last March.

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Starting rates March 24	Starting rates March 27
Australia	2.0463-2.0468	1.9956-2.0009
Austria	19.14-19.16	18.86-18.91
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Canada	2.183-2.204	2.1749-2.1776
Denmark	10.36-10.37	10.24-10.26
France	9.17-9.18	9.05-9.06
Germany	2.7204-2.7229	2.6846-2.6892
Hong Kong	12.46-12.49	12.26-12.29
India	1.0240-1.0255	1.0163-1.0210
Italy	1.082-1.083	1.068-1.069
Japan	167.66-168.10	166.29-166.57
Netherlands	3.0584-3.0617	3.0203-3.0239
New Zealand	2.3140-2.3176	2.2833-2.2891
Norway	10.82-10.83	10.68-10.69
Portugal	273.65-273.99	270.16-270.58
Spain	230.67-231.10	227.63-228.25
Sweden	12.26-12.31	12.27-12.29
Switzerland	1.5459-1.5515	1.5317-1.5358
USA	1.5117-1.5125	1.4896-1.4978
ECU	1.4004-1.4047	1.3846-1.3880

Source: Reuters. All rates are for 100 units of foreign currency against 1 British pound sterling. All rates are for 100 units of foreign currency against 1 British pound sterling.

The geek shall inherit the earth

Mark Tran in New York
on a critical shortage of
computer programmers

AFTER being pursued for two years, a developer finally decided to join Microsoft, but only when the software giant agreed to pay for moving his 27 dogs. "Have you ever heard of an airline while feeding a baby in one shipment?" asks Microsoft recruiting director David Pritchard.

US companies facing a shortage of hi-tech workers are having to jack up salaries and dangle perks such as stock options to lure talent. Anecdotes abound about the poaching that goes on. Silicon Valley communications company Bay Networks lost a programmer earning \$80,000, who had been with the firm five years, to a consultancy offering \$300,000 a year for two years.

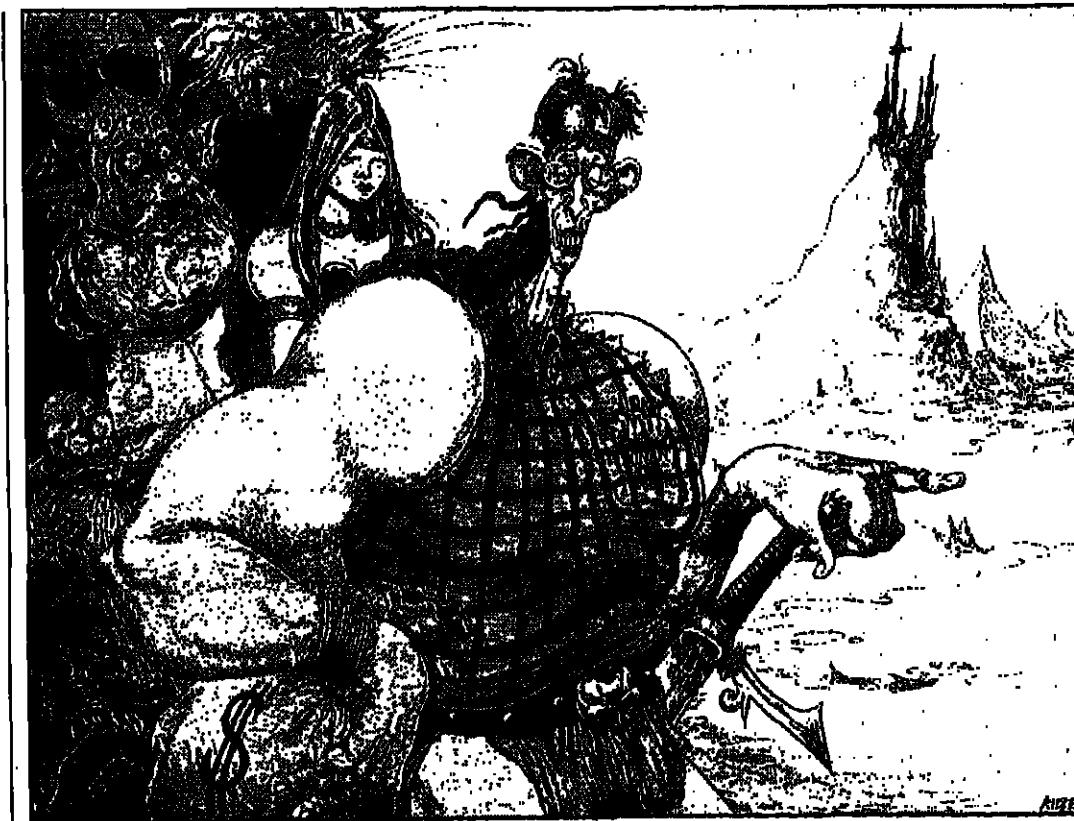
IT workers are among the best paid in America. The average wage is \$12 an hour, though many IT jobs pay \$27-\$70 an hour, according to the Bureau of Labour Statistics.

The dearth of IT workers threatens to slow innovation and growth in the US economy, and companies must seek employees overseas by outsourcing or moving facilities abroad. Now the US education system has come under fire for failing to produce enough hi-tech talent.

"Today, America is the undisputed leader in hi-tech products and services. Our competitive position for tomorrow is put at severe risk by children totally turned off maths and science before they leave their playground years, and by the empty seats in our university classrooms," says Harris Miller, president of the Information Technology Association of America (ITAA), which is composed of hi-tech companies.

The problem has sparked concern in the White House. Congress, universities and schools, and a commission is to be set up to tackle it.

But concerns that America is los-



ing its edge in the information age seem premature, given its dominance of the hi-tech market. The US software industry accounts for three-quarters of the world market, nine of the world's 10 biggest software companies are located in America, personal computer penetration of the business market in the US has reached nearly 90 per cent, and more than a third of American families have PCs. In 1995, the amount of money spent on PCs, for the first time, exceeded that spent on televisions. And of the estimated 64 million Internet surfers worldwide, 41 million are in the US.

As Daniel Burton, vice-president of software company Novell, points out in *Foreign Policy* magazine, the US "has a robust computer hardware industry, the world's leading software industry, a telecommunications sector that is being rapidly deregulated and a strong consumer demand. Japan, by contrast, has a strong computer hardware industry but is weak in software. Europe is lagging in hardware, software and telecommunications deregulation."

America is a victim of its own success. As technology advances, it requires ever more skilled IT people to run it. Take the Internet. A study commissioned by Global Internet Project, based in Arlington, Virginia,

puts the number of techies working at Net-related companies at 760,000, from virtually none five years ago. Some are running start-ups, many are signing up with the likes of Microsoft and America Online.

General economic growth and increasing reliance on technology throughout US industry are also driving demand. In a survey of 2,000 US companies published last month by ITAA, the five job titles most in demand were IT-related. The association estimates that the number of unfilled positions for IT employees in large and medium-sized American companies is about 190,000. And that number is set to soar: 82 per cent of these companies plan to boost the number of IT workers they employ.

Increased recruiting and training has failed to solve the problem: supply is simply not meeting demand. Companies are already spending a large amount of time and money head-hunting super-nerds. A third of IT companies engage in full-time recruiting to fill IT positions, and US companies spend billions on training their employees. GE Medical Systems, a unit of the General Electric conglomerate, hands out \$5,000 bonuses and airline tickets as rewards to employees who recruit software personnel. No wonder 68 per cent of the companies surveyed

cite the lack of skilled and trained workers as a barrier to growth.

But universities are not churning out computer students fast enough. From 1986 to 1994, the number graduating with computer science degrees fell by 43 per cent, to 24,000. Worse, 69 per cent of IT firms say few applicants possess the skills they seek. The problem lies also with schools, where maths education for 13- to 14-year-olds lags behind that of Germany and Japan.

It's not all gloom and doom. Last year the US education department said if there were an internal talent search to select the top 10 per cent of all maths students in 41 countries, 5 per cent of American students would be included.

The US also gets around the dearth of home-grown talent through immigration. Many top students from other countries study in the US and may stay on to work for US companies, the government or university research facilities.

For now, US companies are having to look abroad. Motorola and Texas Instruments have set up centres in India and elsewhere. "If I had a good supply of engineers in the US, I'd never have asked a manager of this firm to fly to Bombay," says (T) J Rodgers, chief executive officer of Cypress Semiconductor.

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Blowing Wynton Marsalis's trumpet

JAZZ
John Fordham

AFTER three-and-a-half remarkable hours, Wynton Marsalis's Lincoln Center Orchestra danced off the Barbican stage in London last week, to the sound of a full house on its feet stamping for more. Singer Cassandra Wilson got a bouquet the size of a tree, the veteran crooner Jon Hendricks an explosion of cheers and Marsalis's drummer Herlin Riley was so invigorated that he launched into an impromptu shuffle in front of the footlights.

To say the final gig of Marsalis's Blood On The Fields European tour was a triumph would be economical to the point of parsimonious. This was Marsalis both delighting his admirers and resoundingly confounding his detractors, including this one.

Marsalis bands, often studious and meticulous affairs, haven't gone in for many dancing finales over the years. Nor was the audience reaction a cumulative knee-jerk to years of marketing Marsalis as a young sage of neo-classical jazz, but a spontaneous response to the best orchestral writing he has ever done.

Marsalis is now jazz director at New York's Lincoln Center, and Blood On The Fields, a jazz opera dealing with slavery and the nature of freedom, emerged from the connection and is performed by the superb repertory orchestra.

The show is fronted by three utterly contrasting singers, representing the central protagonists (Cassandra Wilson and Miles Griffith — lowly and aristocratic slaves respectively — and Jon Hendricks, a holy fool). Marsalis's own trumpet voice is rarely heard, but the band

crackles with eloquent soloing and section work of a cutting power that could slice through rock. The music spans the history of jazz, but Ellington's audacity of tone and texture is a dominant quality, as it frequently is for Marsalis. But there are also irresistible grooves, a fierce dissonance to the brass harmonies and an irrepressible vitality to the overlaid rhythmic patterns.

Marsalis doesn't want Blood On The Fields to be seen as a slavery story alone, and believes its themes say a lot about the States and about art. "It's about slavery, but it's really about today and American identity," says Marsalis in his New Orleans drawl. "The slave who's a prince, who thinks he isn't like the others, has a whole transformation in his consciousness. That's what interests me, not necessarily just the clichés of racial tension. Jazz music

is about joy to me. Affirmation and celebration, those are the qualities of jazz that attracted me first."

Marsalis has often said things like this, but not always borne them out in his music. Maybe success cornered him too early. A man who was working regularly with the late Art Blakey when not yet 20, Marsalis nevertheless managed to irritate as often as he astonished, not least because he made it abundantly clear that he thought hitching such blinding virtuosity to any form of experimental music was a perversion. In the early eighties he seemed to want nothing better than to sound exactly like Miles Davis in the early sixties. But as he has immersed himself more deeply in writing, he has slowly found a way of reinventing jazz past.

Wynton Marsalis's protectiveness toward the jazz tradition will undoubtedly intensify as the century that saw the music's creation nears its end, and his job at the Lincoln

endorses it. He waxes lyrical about heroes, cherishing John Coltrane for "trying to bring the spiritual back. He was trying to go for that ancient expression. His music is very sincere, and very earnest and I'm attracted to the earnestness." Marsalis also loves Thelonious Monk.

"Monk was a mathematician," he marvels. "He had it all figured out. All his improvising was based on themes. It's really like a child playing, and if you couple that childlike curiosity with this massive grasp of form, then you really have something."

Wynton Marsalis seems to be discovering the child in himself now. Maybe he made him a child star so early he never had the chance before. "If we give the next generation something better, rather than just exploiting them for money, they love it. They'll come towards it."

The long evening at the Barbican was testimony to that.

Back to Africa

With films such as Yaaba, a new golden age is dawning for African film. Report by **Alexa Dalby**

BURKINA FASO is one of the world's poorest countries, but it has still co-financed 25 feature films and is the only country that thinks film-makers important enough to merit their own public monument. This month, its capital, Ouagadougou, hosted the 15th biennial pan-African film festival, an event which attracted nearly 5,000 people from 79 countries.

A crowd of 50,000 packed the football stadium for the opening ceremony, broadcast live on television and radio. A giant screen turned the Place de la Revolution into a free outdoor cinema. More than 200 films from Africa and its diaspora were screened for 400,000 people in 20 cinemas. Films from 16 African countries were in competition.

In the 1980s, one film from Burkina Faso, Idrissa Ouedraogo's *Yaaba* (Grandmother), defined African cinema for Western audiences. Beautifully and simply filmed in a traditional village, *Yaaba* was the story of a boy befriending an outcast old woman. Through Western eyes, African films were set in a timeless Africa before colonialism. They were exotic, in the oral tradition. Westerners appropriated them because they felt they embodied truth and purity. Since the 85 per cent of Africa's population who live in rural areas have no chance of seeing any films, let alone African ones, what was shown in Europe, funded by France, had been made with Western audiences in mind. But after a few years' hiatus, there have been revolutionary changes in attitude. "It is not in crisis. It is developing," said Ouedraogo.

Directors are moving from auteurism to a commercial approach. During the festival students were rioting about their grants — and film directors also became militant. The congress of African film-makers (Fepaci) decided to change its 1975 constitution to address the crucial problem of lack of distribution, without which African cinema is "a castle without foundations", according to Ouedraogo. Francophone film-makers want to reach out to a global, English-speaking audience, and can now re-route themselves

through South Africa. Ouedraogo's new film, which opened the festival, was in English, made in Zimbabwe with South African actors. In *Kini & Adams*, Ouedraogo's theme of friendship recurs in the story of two friends who build a car but become rivals when one is promoted at work.

"Kini & Adams is what I was looking for," says Ouedraogo. "It's taken me years to find this voice. It's the turning point of my career, another vision of things, a discovery of new actors and types of production. After four or five films, you have nothing to say because you've said it all. But God gave me a second wind. Now I have to do three or four films this way."

Reactions were mixed. The local press praised its mix of humour and tragedy, and its beautiful images. Europeans asked if he had sold out by imitating Hollywood. Ouedraogo's compassion and visual sense remained, but the psychology, particularly of women, was unconvincing. Some thought that its message was the reactionary "It's better to be poor and happy".

A NEW WAVE of directors is making different films. Notable are two Paris-based Cameroonian, Jean-Marie Teno (Clando) and Jean-Pierre Bekolo (Aristotle's Plot). No longer mainly about the anti-colonial struggle or village life, recent films have diverse subjects — contemporary urban life in Africa, political involvement, the immigrant experience in Europe.

Surprisingly, among new films, *Tableau Ferraille* is the first to exploit African popular music as part of the plot: Senegalese pop singer Ismail Lo stars as a politician in Moussa Sene Absa's social comedy. Women's inequality was a central issue in films by an increasing number of women directors, such as *Everyone's Child* by Zimbabwean Tsitsi Dangaremba. The top award, the *Ealon de Yennenga*, went to the traditional Buud Yam (Fath in Family Ties) by Gaston Kabore. Audiences loved its depiction of Burkina landscape and heritage.

African cinema is seen as a defence against the colonisation of youth by Western media. "The independent film-makers in Britain are fighting, like us, to communicate how they see the world," says Kabore. "We are happy in Britain if there is one guy named Ken Loach — his battle is the same as ours."

Liars and cheats

THEATRE
Michael Billington

WE TALK a lot about political theatre. Very few plays, however, deal with the way the power-structure actually operates: Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, Schiller's *Wallenstein*, Trevor Griffiths's *Occupations*, David Edgar's *The Shape Of The Table* leap to mind. To that list one should add *Harley Granville Barker's Waste*.

Dealing with a radical politician destroyed by private scandal, *Waste* had a famously chequered history.

Granville Barker's original version, written in 1907, was banned by the Lord Chamberlain: an act of political censorship masquerading as moral indignation. In 1920, the play was finally licensed and Barker took the opportunity to re-write it in the light of recent political events. It is this version that Peter Hall currently presents at London's Old Vic.

But why is the play so powerful? Partly because it deals with the intersection of politics and morality. Henry Trebell, an Independent MP, is the architect of a bill to disestablish the Church of England and use its funds to finance new schools and

colleges. The Tories, expecting to regain power after an election, plan to absorb Trebell into the cabinet and appropriate his bill. But when Trebell has a fling with a married woman who dies after aborting his child, the bill is scuppered and Trebell discarded.

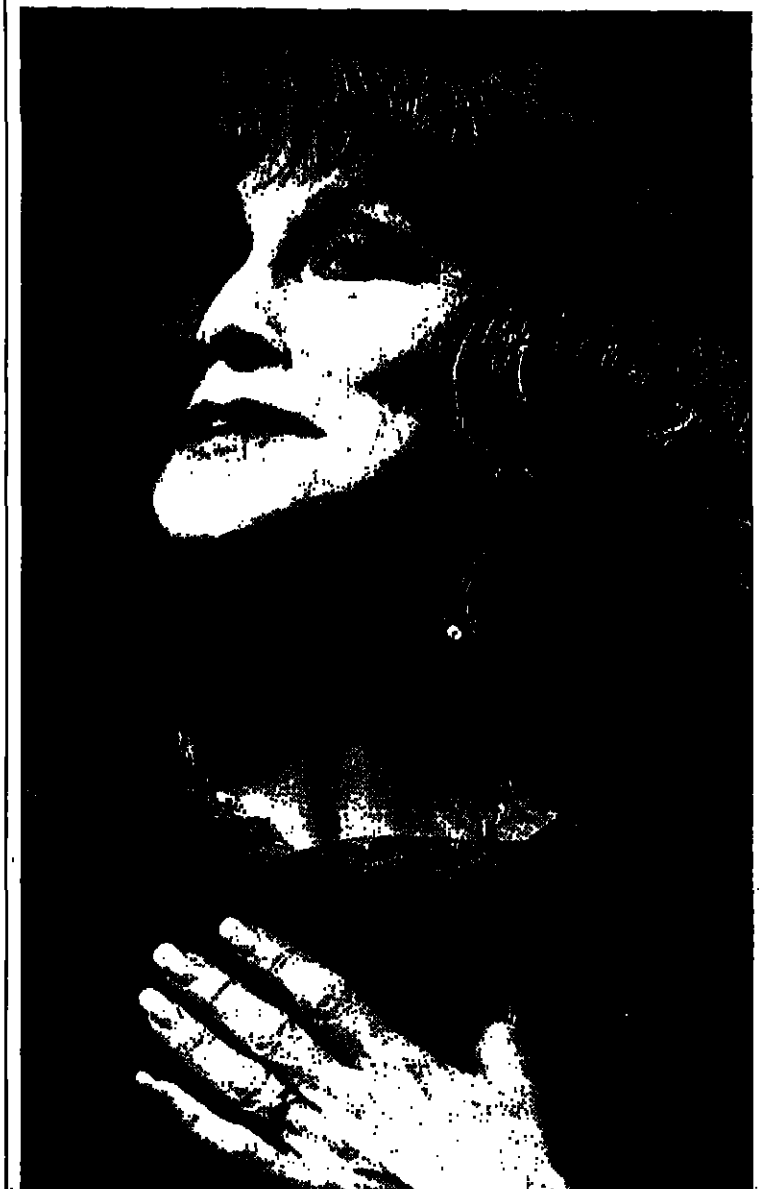
On one level, the play is about a tragic flaw in the English character: possibly one in Granville Barker's own. Politically, Trebell is an idealist; emotionally, he is heartless. He is fired by the idea of turning unwanted country houses and abbeys into new universities; yet he casually seduces Amy O'Connell, discards her instantly and, even after her death, brutally dismisses her as "a trull". Granville Barker plus drama: the divorce between ideas and possibilities that runs right through English life: something Michael Pennington's superb performance as Trebell perfectly catches. There is an astonishing moment when, having learned that Amy is bearing his child, he returns to the practical business of political manoeuvre with almost schoolboy relish. The bill you suddenly realise, is his real baby: the one that he is most anxious not to see aborted.

The play's most compelling scene is the one that shows the putative Tory MP realising that he will have to jettison Trebell to hold his seat together. Trebell is not so much ruined by scandal — the silence of the cloud woman's husband is easily bought — as by a battle for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

Granville Barker's real originality lies in showing the political process at work: in particular, the way a radical proposal that would transform British life is at the mercy of private ambition. And it is not difficult to see parallels today with Tory politicians distancing themselves from Europe in order to improve their chances of gaining the leadership.

It is the ideal work — unfamiliar but analytical of English public life — with which to kick-start the new Peter Hall regime at the Old Vic. The casting throughout is on the highest level: fine performances not only from Pennington but from Felicity Kendal as his abandoned mistress, and from Anna Carteret as his celibate sister who, like himself, is a stranger in matters of the heart.

The Old Vic promises 12 plays performed in repertory over the next 40 weeks: the irony is that, if it continues to operate on this level, it will offer a direct challenge to the National Theatre, which was largely the brainchild of none other than Harley Granville Barker.



A woman wronged... Felicity Kendal plays Trebell's abandoned mistress in *Waste* at the Old Vic. PHOTOGRAPH HENRIETTA BUTLER

GUARDIAN WEEKLY
March 30 1997

Art and craft of a modern master

OBITUARY
Willem de Kooning

WILLEM de Kooning, who has died aged 92, was the last of the abstract expressionist painters who dominated American art in the 1940s and 1950s; and for a short while was the most celebrated of them, especially after 1952, when the writer Harold Rosenberg invented the phrase "action painting" with his dramatic mannerisms in mind.

Bill de Kooning knew long years of poverty and was then affected by sudden stardom. He was born in Rotterdam and first studied painting between 1916 and 1925 at Rotterdam Academy night classes. His

daytime job was as a decorator. Almost to the end of his life de Kooning used white like a Dutchman, and some people think that his monumental paintings of women are those of a 20th century Rubens.

De Kooning left Rotterdam for America in 1926. He had happy memories of a Dutch seamen's hostel in Hoboken, New Jersey, which he used as a base while he worked as a house painter and billboard designer. He did not commit himself to fine art for a decade after his arrival, though in the late 1920s he discovered artistic life in New York's Greenwich Village and met, among others, Stuart Davis, Arshile Gorky and John Graham.

He became a professional artist when he joined the Works Progress Administration in 1935. With Gorky, he looked in at the first meeting of the American Abstract Artists group. They favoured a rational, geometric art, but his own painting now tended towards biomorphism, and also portraiture. This was in alliance with his best friend Gorky. The pictures are half-fouling, half-whimsical, portraying imaginary brothers or their mothers. De Kooning's pictures of his mother, a formidable barmaid who raised him after his father disappeared, were probably destroyed.

By the 1940s de Kooning was established — though it did nothing for his finances in the enclosed world of the New York avant-garde. In 1942, he showed in the exhibition

French and American Paintings, organised by Graham. Other artists in the display were Lee Krasner and her future husband Jackson Pollock, whom de Kooning now met for the first time. In the next five years de Kooning, his wife Elaine, whom he married in 1943, and the Pollocks made husband-and-wife painting teams in which the male partners were spurred on by intelligent and no less competitive women. Their eyes for new art were, in the phrase of the time, "in front of their husbands" — men who were utterly dedicated to painting but also occupied themselves with other aspects of bohemian life, mainly boozing and shouting at each other.

De Kooning did not have a one-man exhibition until 1948, the *Annus mirabilis* of abstract expressionism as a whole. He was then 44. At the Egon Gallery he showed black-and-white canvases he had begun to produce in 1946. These turbulent paintings have been interpreted as Dantesque visions of modern life.

The Egon exhibition was a triumph. Its largest painting was sold to the Museum of Modern Art. Suddenly de Kooning was in demand. He was known as a violent existentialist, anguished and isolated. It is true that de Kooning's canvases bore the marks of struggle and reworking, but this was existentialism of a different kind.

After the black-and-white series came sumptuous paintings in roused colours, floral pinks and well-judged yellows. Excavation, 1950, is known as the best of de Kooning's paintings. It dominated the Venice Biennale that year and was then given special prominence in the 1951 Moma exhibition *Abstract Painting and Sculpture in America*.

Was he really an abstract artist? After *Excavation*, de Kooning began *Woman* 1, the first of a number of series of *Woman* paintings. The first set are the most challenging. They are made of grandiose scrawls and gashes, including a collaged film-star mouth, and are obviously indebted to billboards. Titian and Soutine have also been mentioned.

The Sidney Janis Gallery showed the first *Woman* pictures in 1953, and then de Kooning's lavish and grandiloquent touch, which at its best was



De Kooning... 'a violent existentialist, anguished and isolated'

inimitable, suddenly appeared in a horde of lesser artists. Janis raised his prices and found new collectors.

The years of de Kooning's fame coincided with the decline of abstract expressionism, but he held a level of personal achievement for some years. His paintings were of high quality until about 1957, when his wife left him, though they were later reconciled. But his paintings had begun to look inflated. The mood of the times turned away from his gesturalism. Quite suddenly, 1960s art isolated him.

DE KOONING'S response was typical of senior American artists in his position. He got out of New York, painted without reference to his contemporaries and communicated with the world through retrospectives.

A major painter's old age ought to bring special rewards to the artist, to his times and to posterity. Some malevolent god of the modern world denied these benefits to de Kooning. There were occasional paintings of majestic and lyrical power, yet the history of de Kooning's later art is of loss. The manner was similar but the new work lacked real authority.

De Kooning's loss of creative power when working on canvas may have prompted his interest in sculpture. In Rome in 1969 he made a few

small figurines. Henry Moore, visiting Long Island a little later, told him how they might be enlarged. The resulting lumpy and twisted sculptures, shown in a return to the Janis gallery in 1972, were compared to the examples of Rodin and Giacometti. This was wrong. The most characteristic of them look, as it were, inside-out.

There were some 25 of de Kooning's sculptures. A survey of his three-dimensional work was organised by the Arts Council at the Serpentine Gallery in 1977. The most significant of his retrospectives was organised by the Whitney Museum of American Art in 1984. This subsequently travelled to Berlin and to Paris. Inevitably, the emphasis of the Whitney show was on the abstract expressionist period. In Europe, however, comparisons were made between de Kooning and baroque old-master painting.

The disastrous effect of Alzheimer's disease on de Kooning's painting has never been assessed. The most European of abstract expressionists appears now as a person who looked at the sea outside the Long Island studio and imagined that he could sail back to Rotterdam.

Tim Hilton

Willem de Kooning, artist, born April 24, 1904; died March 19, 1997

The horrors of long division

TELEVISION
Nancy Bank-Smith

WHEN Wallis Simpson was setting the British Empire on its ear, she was sometimes called in code *The Lady From Baltimore*. *The Way Of All Flesh* (BBC2) produced by Adam Curtis, was about another *Lady From Baltimore*, who shook the world of science and still shakes it.

Henrietta Lacks was the great-granddaughter of a plantation owner and a slave. Her polished face smiles out of a cracked photograph. Even in curlers, she turned her head like a pretty woman.

Her friend Sadie says, "Oh my goodness! I don't think I could top her. She was beautiful and she used to dress real fancy." In 1951, raging cancer was diagnosed. Fred, her cousin, remembers: "She was sick. You could hear her sometimes all

the way downstairs. 'Oh Lord! Oh Lord! I can't get no ease. Jesus help me! Help me!'

A biopsy was sent to a Dr Gey, who had been trying and failing to keep cells alive in a test tube. Henrietta's cells lived but she died. In the mortuary Gey's assistant saw Henrietta had chipped red polish on her toenails and thought: "This was a live woman." Her cells not only lived, they flourished and multiplied. There are now billions in laboratories throughout the world. Scientists call them *HeLa* cells. Non-scientists call them *She*. She was sent into space to test zero gravity, irradiated in atomic tests, injected into criminals, fused with a white mouse. She produced a polio vaccine.

She was an invaluable lab animal. And she escaped. Extraordinarily virulent, invasive and vigorous, the *HeLa* cells reached and ruined scientific experiments from America to

Russia. (You would swear she had a sense of humour. Leonard Haylick, testing his own baby's tissue, found a "black enzyme. Mrs Haylick protested her innocence. It was Henrietta's). For a long time her husband and children were unaware of any of this. They had buried her in an unmarked grave beside the log cabin where she was born. The woods will have taken over by now.

"Do you think... no?" Henrietta's cousin, Fred, stopped and started again. "Do you think those cells are still living in the grass?" I remember a gardening programme which, describing a compost heap, said "It is teeming with life that's come out of death in the dark."

And so has she.

In *Seven Wonders of the World* (BBC2) scientists describe seven things which seem marvellous to them. Aunty Manning, Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh, is clearly one of those vivid teachers who ignite enthusiasm. The kind you remember.

He remembered his maths

teacher. "I can see him now. A tall figure. He never had any discipline problems. He walked into a room and — silence. His name was Brown. A Brown. I never knew what A stood for." (Mr Brown, seen in a school photograph, wore what Conan Doyle called "the firm austere expression which is only seen upon those who have to control horses or boys"). He introduced Manning, no mathematician, to the square root of minus one. Now this (I hope you are not looking at me trustingly) is an imaginary number. Manning found it magical.

Now it happens that I had a maths teacher called Topsy. Not, God knows, to her face. I think she dreamed in figures. Once two of us went to early communion, and, I soon weakened if parted from food, faintly. Topsy said 50 per cent of the school had fainted.

But now and then, when she was teaching, I literally saw a flash of light and for that split second thought I understood what maths meant. And that is a wonder.

Good looks no substitute for substance

DANCE
Judith Mackrell

TOO many American choreographers like to believe that dance requires very little packaging. They're not bothered how their dancers are costumed; some regard even music as an afterthought. By contrast, Yolande Snaitch's *Gorgeous Creatures*, at London's The Place, is supremely confident and fabulously packaged. The piece is inspired by Elizabeth I, and its opening image presents Snaitch (standing on a chair concealed beneath billowing crimson) as a regal glances. Graeme Miller's score plays decorated lute music; Barnaby Stone's set looks like 16th century Heals; and Snaitch's five courtiers are costumed by Kel Ilo and Suzanne Slack.

The cast spend the next 80 minutes locked into deviant games of love and death. Snaitch flirts with her courtiers and executes them at a whim; while she's sleeping they rifle her closet for nighties and pearls.

Her power is terrible and comic (she looks like a cross between Thatcher and Miranda Richardson in *Blackadder*), and she deploys it through imperious mime, hysterical mood changes and nightmarish alterations of shape. Sometimes she's looming over her men; sometimes she shrinks to a dwarf and whizzes alarmingly around their knees.

There's one major snag — the dance. Snaitch limits her choreography to repetitive turns and rough-edged, overlong duets. The work thus veers wildly between tingling visual epiphanies and dawning boredom. One look at David Dorfman's *Sky Down*, as performed by his New York-based company at the Woking Dance Umbrella, makes you want to frogmarch him to the record library, then team him up with a stylist.

Dorfman's choreography is sharply detailed and intriguingly edgy in mood. The five dancers flash glances of danger reinterpreted by the electric signals of their hands, and in climactic passages they take huge emotional leaps into sweeping lunges and turns. Yet the work is proof that even skilled choreography can't survive atrocious wrapping. Liz Prince's over-elaborate clothes quarrel flippily with the movement, while Amy Denio's score dumps all over the steps, with its homespun folk tunes and portentous electronic spasms.

There is a redeeming conceit, however. The dancers periodically verbalise the emotional and practical subtext of their moves — one, for instance, saying to her partner, "Could you make that more of a hug?" The humour is unselfconscious and charming and the dialogue punchy. But as a comedy sketch it sits very oddly in a dance performance. In an ideal world, Dorfman would get rid of his packaging and Snaitch would shed most of her dance.

Magus of the mask

Seamus Deane

W B Yeats: A Life. Volume I: The Apprenticeship 1865-1914 by Roy Foster
Oxford 672pp £25

INEVITABLY, the first of the two-volume biography of Yeats by Roy Foster makes the reader long for the second. For it is in the years after 1914 that so many transformations occur, when Yeats's political and occult interests are revised under the pressure of personal and public events to such an extent that he ceased to be a late Victorian poet whose companions are Swinburne, Hardy and Kipling, and became a modernist who wore his cultural ruse with an authoritative and authoritarian difference. Nevertheless, the longing deserves to be deferred, for there is much here in the first volume that needs to be absorbed before the later career can be reconsidered.

Roy Foster has put an end to the legend that the ghost of WB Yeats was dispensed and determined to frustrate any attempt other than his own to provide an account of his life. In doing so he has shown how the greater legend of Yeats's own life was consciously and carefully created by the poet in such an exemplary fashion that the relationship between history and legend, embodied in himself, is itself one of the most important and contested issues of his era and generation. For the specific stories that dominate Yeats's life — his long affair with Maud Gonne, his friendship with Lady Gregory, the creation of the new Irish theatre, the decline of the Protestant ascendancy, the rise of Irish nationalism, the disputes between occultism and modernity — are constantly recreated in legendary terms by Yeats as episodes in a conflict between archetypal forces, in which Ireland is one of the crucial battlegrounds.

Yeats's "extraordinary life deserves to be studied for its relationship to his work; it also needs to be studied for its influence on his country's biography". The final phrase is telling. If a little odd, Ireland has a biography, Yeats's life is an important, even a moulding, element in it.

This is a large claim. It is also a political gesture. For the story of Yeats is, in Foster's view, that of a "marginalised Protestant" who transmutes his peripheral into a central condition and modifies the narrow, corporate commitment of a largely Catholic nationalism with a countering belief in individual freedom, in "daring" and in the "unforeseen". Hence his distaste for "rhetoric", "opinion", the journalistic of the mass mind, and his commitment to art and the radical individualism it embodied. In effect, this is "Protestant"; historically, this is the difference between Yeatsian nationalism and that of Young Ireland.

It is proper that Yeats is referred to throughout as WB, for the famous initials remind us that this was a life conceived of in dramatic terms, a combat between the Man and the Mask (although the Yeatsian Mask is a means towards the discovery not the concealment of the self). Yeats recruited just about everybody he knew for a part in the drama he dominated. The "tragic generation" of the nineties, including Wilde and Lionel Johnson, his friends, Lady Gregory, John Millington Synge, Maud Gonne, Hugh Lane, Robert Gregory, even Shaw, another self-created persona known by his initials GBS, and the notoriously silky George Moore — all of these had assigned roles in the experiment which enacted the transformation of Willie Yeats, the son of JBY, the man who could finish nothing, into WB, the artist who integrated and concluded everything.

In addition, they all exhibited that capacity for individuality that distinguished them from those whom fanaticism had made rigid — and these unfortunates are, for the most part, and predictably, separatists, nationalists, all those who surrendered intellectual freedom to a single objective and were obedient to the demands of a callow cultural vision of Ireland and of an archaic Catholicism.

This is a drama in which the Protestant ascendancy lays claim to a spiritual and cultural leadership in Ireland, partly as substitute for its loss of political power. WB's attacks on the philistinism of Victorian



W B Yeats... The first volume of Foster's biography shows how the poet consciously and carefully created the legend of his own life

British mass civilisation and the increasingly powerful democratic impulses of the modern era transferred easily to his parallel animus against Catholic nationalism, which he saw as the direct inheritor of a woefully impoverished modernity. It was only the ascendancy — which is really by then an aristocratic idea produced by middle-class Protestants — that could rescue Ireland from its commercial, Catholic and democratic future.

And then there was Maud Gonne, and the long but fertile "troubling" of his life by her. At the heart of this relationship there lay the sense of the rich individual life contradicted by the demands of fanaticism, of the collision between Protestant and Catholic traditions, of the "astral" destiny that not even the brutalities

of politics and treachery — embodied in her marriage to the delinquent John MacBride — could cancel. Again, one must wait for the second volume to see the flowering of Yeats's sexual politics in relation to his convictions about ancestry, lineage, the family. But the foundations are here.

Until the publication of Volume Two, it may be said that the jury is still out. But that would be altogether too carping and ungenerous. This is an amazing work of scholarship, utilised by the affinities between Foster and WB, fastidiously controlled, wonderfully illuminating. May the next volume arrive soon!

This book is available at a special price of £20 from Books @ The Guardian Weekly

Paperbacks

Nicholas Lezard

The Dustbin of History, by Greil Marcus (Picador, £8.99)

WHEN watching an NBC airing of "All You Need Is Cash", Eric Idle's spoof biopic of "The Rutles", Greil Marcus, chronicler of punk, Situationism, the Cabaret Voltaire, expert on British post-punk bleak industrial bands, and God knows what else, "got nervous". The parody was disturbingly acute. "My God, I thought, had I — and virtually everyone I knew — put so much of myself into so little?" It's typical of his honesty that he asks this question, which takes him to the brink of giving up his day job. A blink you can imagine him often skirting, considering he is an intellectual who writes about anti-intellectuals, a historian who writes about those who would destroy, or at least try to escape from, history. A lesser writer would not recognise this dilemma in writing about popular culture.

Marcus does write about weightier matters: the Pentateuch, Nazism, Susan Sontag, and the question of "history as disappearance" (Crausescu, the Berlin Wall) — and the results are sometimes curiously disappointing, for the very reason that his piece on Deborah Chessler, who more or less invented R&B, is thrilling: he has brought something previously hidden into the light of day, rather than write about something already in the public domain. But even when he does that he's better than most.

Climbing Mount Improbable, by Richard Dawkins (Penguin, £7.99)

"WHAT about the eye, then? Explain that, Mr. Evolutionist!" is the question thrown down by those rare Creationists who have IQs approaching three figures. Well, this is precisely what Dawkins does, along with all sorts of other unlikely things that evolution has thrown up over the aeons. The metaphor overused here is "Mount Improbable", and by the end of the book you get pretty fed up with hearing how many peaks it has and how gentle its foothills are, but this is a nugatory drawback to Dawkins's approachability and wisdom.

The Whisky Trail: A Traveller's Guide to Scotch Whisky, by Gordon Brown (Prion, £12.99)

A GUIDE to the routes from one distillery to the other: as if you're really going to schlepp all over the place looking at Schieles and Mashing tuns (although there are worse ways of spending one's time). It's really whisky port: photographs of achingly beautiful, cosy tryside along with shots of pot stills full of "the best drink in the world", as Kingsley Amis correctly puts it, his foreword.

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A yarn to bowl you over

Steven Poole

The Collector Collector by Tibor Fischer
Secker and Warburg 215pp £12.99

RARELY is the hero of a novel not a human being; even more rarely is it a bowl. Pots, urns, vases, ceramics, earthenware: the history of the literary uses of such receptacles, antique and ersatz, is a sorry one. Occasionally you get a Keats, a Stevens or a Plath, ambling by to take rubbings of some useful metaphors. But in this lurid, psychotropic comedy, Tibor Fischer uses a bowl as his narrator.

It is an antique, a Sumerian: the Ur-bowl, compared with which all other priceless examples are mere fakes. Ceramics along consciously for thousands of years, it has seen it all. Now, in modern London, it finds itself

in the hands of Rosa, a 26-year-old art expert who can see into its soul. True diviners of this sort being rare, the bowl is caught off guard, but manages to fob Rosa off with stories from its Technicolor mytho-history, while telepathically interrogating her own past, chocka with failed sex and disappointing boyfriends.

Imagine: what you know as inanimate artefacts are spying on your life. It's a curiously good idea. Through the bowl's eyes we watch the disruption of Rosa's life as Nikki, a dishonest nymphomaniac backpacker, comes to stay, organising burglaries, seducing strangers and nicking the bowl itself several times. Rosa tries to fend off the attentions of disgusting old wealth-booster Marius, who wants to buy the bowl; she also takes regular trips to see the agony aunt whom she has im-

prisoned down a well. If the abysmal old hackette can't apply her talents to Rosa's specific frustrations, why should she enjoy her freedom? Meanwhile Nikki's past is catching up with her, in the shape of a terrifyingly huge, yet mystically gentle, woman called Lump, who has condor's wings attached to her white leather jacket.

What is a bowl to do? Although it can piece itself back together after being shattered, and in extreme situations morph to an entirely different appearance (say, that of a Bengal tiger), it cannot actually talk. For most of the novel it is a mere observer, although as the plot veers into serial-killer territory, it furnishes a handy *deus ex machina*.

As if in satirical exaggeration of the motto of a certain Grecian urn — "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" — the bowl, whose char-

acter is that of a Nabokovian monomaniac, has spent most of its existence obsessively cataloguing the varieties of human seductions, falsehoods and physiologies. "Of bosom, there are two hundred and twenty styles, of buttocks, two hundred and eighty-four. I order. I know. I do my job." This prideful ceramic is always at the epicentre of history.

As anyone knows who has read Under The Frog and The Thought Gang, Fischer is a wordsmith of unique, eccentric brilliance, and his prose here is still startling, ploughing the mania for phrasemaking rhymes is beginning to look a little unhelped. Though very short, this book is three sketchy novels stuffed into the space of one, and one hopes that Fischer is not about to disappear up his, admittedly bewitching, linguistic fundament. It is loud, creatively hilarious and weirdly moving: the sort of novel you'd be intrigued to find sitting on your shelf, watching you in pregnant silence.

Me, myself, pi

Margaret Wertheim wants to change the way women look at science. Katharine Viner responds to the call

MARGARET WERTHEIM loves physics. She thinks it is "beautiful". At 10, she had a "mystical experience" when her teacher, Mr Marshall, told the class about the number known as pi; how everything you ever need to know about circles can be said in terms of pi. "It seemed to me a great treasure of the universe had been revealed," Wertheim says. "Everywhere I looked, I saw circles. At the heart of every circle was this mysterious number. It was in the shape of

the sun and the moon and the earth: in mushrooms, sunflowers, oranges and pears... All these things were united by pi, yet it transcended them all. I was enchanted." Which all sounds rather wonderful if your memories of school physics, like mine, constitute ripple tanks, balls on inclined planes and a man in grimy tweeds spouting formulae.

Margaret Wertheim, a smart and serious 38-year-old Australian former model living in the US, wants to change the way women look at science. Her new book, *Pythagoras' Trousers: God, Physics And The Gender Wars*, examines why physics has so often been regarded as a pursuit so sacrosanct, so divine, that it excludes women.

It is an issue highly relevant in Britain. Only one in five A level physics students is female, a figure that prompted a new initiative to get more girls into science. A report, *Breaking The*

Mould, looks at ways to attract women to science, and concludes that "girls are alienated by the impersonal, value-free content of science... they prefer subjects that have a creative and socially relevant context."

Wertheim agrees that context is crucial if women are ever going to be interested in physics and she has had much experience in making science more accessible. She wrote television documentaries in Australia, among them the highly successful *Beyond 2000*; her new book is almost defiantly readable, even for the non-scientist.

"We need to teach science in a way that shows it has some cultural and social context," she says. "When we roll balls down an inclined plane to learn about inertia and gravity, we need to learn at the same time what kind of questions Galileo thought he was addressing. We need to learn about his life and times, the discovery of the telescope and what that meant. And kids need to see how science relates to their lives today; for example, most people take electricity for granted, but if we didn't have Maxwell's equations, we wouldn't even be able to turn on a light."

Just as excluding, and the thesis of Wertheim's book, is the lofty, highbrow image of physics. "Physics is a science that has evolved out of the notion that the gods, or God, created the world according to mathematical equations, so that before the world existed, there was a mathematical blueprint in the mind of God," she says. "To discover those equations is to get into God's brain. And for the same reasons that our culture has always said being a priest is a male activity, so have we seen science in that way. Women have always had to fight for what is seen as divine knowledge and in this sense I think physics is the Catholic Church of science — the oldest, most orthodox, most inclined to exclude women."

Like priests, physicists have power. "Physics is portrayed as a search to understand the mind of God," she says. "It's a very male activity."

Pythagoras' Trousers by Margaret Wertheim is published by Fourth Estate at £9.99



Margaret Wertheim... 'At the heart of every circle was this mysterious number: I was enchanted.' PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ARBLES

Down on kids' row

Guardian Children's Fiction Prize

WITH a shortlist ranging from historical fiction and social satire to surreal fantasy and grim contemporary urban reality, judging of the Guardian Children's Fiction Prize was a complex process, writes Joanna Caray. Michael Morpurgo's enchanting *The Butterfly Lion* had ardent supporters — as did Chloe Rayburn's very funny *Love In Cyberspace*. But it was Melvin Burgess's book *Junk*, with its explosive cargo of contemporary teenage issues, that sailed in as the undisputed winner.

Confronting a subject generally given a wide berth by children's authors, *Junk* is about teenage drug addiction. But far from being simply "issue-driven", it is bold and cunningly structured with an unpatronising tone that makes it accessible to a wide range of older readers.

The story is set in a seedy area of Bristol in the 1980s. Gemma and her boyfriend Tar are 14-year-old runaways. Tar is the victim of domestic violence, but Gemma is simply rebellious — spoilt, selfish and impatient to be free of "boring" parental authority. Defiantly they go skidding into a downward spiral of squatting, thieving, drug addiction and, eventually, prostitution. Shocking and almost operatic in its tragic inevitability, but perceptive in its character development, the story is told in a kaleidoscopic succession of monologues as one by one Gemma and her companions take centre-stage to deliver their uninhibited, subtly different accounts of events.

In addition to radio plays and short stories, Burgess has written eight novels for children and is no stranger to controversy. *The Baby And Fly Pie* — inspired by the "death squads" in South America — was about homeless children; *Burning Issy* explored witchcraft in the 17th century — he researched it in Lancashire where he now lives.

He is delighted by the award — "I thought I'd get flak for this book. Books written for kids, that try to make sense of the chaos out there, are viewed with suspicion. People in authority are too often nervous of their own judgment; wary of making the stuff available."

Junk reflects some desolate aspects of today's society, but there is at the end a speck of hope as the real meaning of freedom emerges. A provocative, purposeful novel, *Junk* offers no easy solutions, but it respects the intelligence of its readers, leaving them shaken, probably, but informed and ready to make their own judgments.

Junk is published by Andersen Press (£12.99). The other shortlisted books were *Love In Cyberspace*, by Chloe Rayburn; *The Fated Sky*, by Hettie Brantford; *The Butterfly Lion*, by Michael Morpurgo; *Johnny And The Bomb*, by Terry Pratchett; *The Trokaville Way*, by Russell Hoban; and *Creepers*, by Keith Gray.

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A new lease of Hellenic life

Veronica Horwell

Dinner with Parsaphone by Patricia Storace
Granta Books 398pp £17.99

The River at the Centre of the World by Simon Winchester
Viking 427pp £18

Istanbul by John Freely
Viking 414pp £22.50

"LIVED in Athens at the intersection of a prostitute and a saint." So Patricia Storace begins. Within a page, she sketches the ballroom-sized chandelier and the marble-sink-with-Ajax-cleaver in the apartment she took for a year, and I delightedly signed on with her in spirit for the full duration of her lease. In the first chapter she smells the chlorine-washed front hall, tastes ruby cherries at the farmers' market and hears what they cry, there, *drámatika kai khroniata* — "perfidies and colours". Her every sense is engaged.

Mine, too. This is not only a sensual book; though that should be compliment enough since most books deny the senses, except perhaps sight. It dances easily into historic time past, personal time present, the calendar of the still shapely Greek year, the deepest meanings of language.

Storace can speak Greek but otherwise has no privileged access: she's no *milord* with letters of introduction; the places she visits by bus and ferry, the tabloids and pop dreambooks she reads (they've inherited the literary DNA of classical Greece through the female line), are available to everyone. It's the poetry she makes of them that matters. Her language conveys that she was more alive in every moment of that year than she had been before, or perhaps might ever be again. Day after day in the there-and-now buying a candle or caught in a smoky collision of Christ's funerals on Greek Great — Good — Friday. "I'd hoped for that kind of treat from Simon Winchester. Sorry, no go. He began his journey up the

3,964 miles of *jiang*. The River, the Yangtze, by driving out through snow in New Hampshire to meet the exiled Chinese owner of Wang Hui's famed 17th century scroll painting of the Yangtze. Then he sought old and new river charts and manuals and hired beautiful, strop-py Lily from Dalian to translate and browbeat on his behalf, supplying her as requested with stout boots and a warm jacket "in a fresh colour".

All of which suggests a liveliness his book doesn't possess: I never felt he was really living, not alive, on the many craft which transported him from the continental sediments swooshing in the South China Sea beyond Woosung Bar up through the Three Gorges to a celebratory cigar smoked by a chilly headwater rill in Tibet. He has the history of pat of the cities passed, especially the lewd or violent details, and he certainly has the natural-born journalist's instinct to stride straight into a site with a no entry sign, ask impertinent questions, and then surmise a bigger story than might be there. But not once did I feel that he was making it for love or curiosity; I always sensed the book contract.

He's good at imperial echoes: he scrambles muddily to find the defaced monument to a river navigator all the way from Framlingham in Norfolk and catches how that waterman felt about the Yangtze: but his own heart stays cool.

But if you visit Istanbul, you will appreciate John Freely's book. It's a formal history: the Byzantine emperors topple in procession and have their noses cut off, the Ottoman Sultans swagger their way forward. And the battered old physical city pokes and pushes itself through every page, from the 153 private bathhouses with drainage (into the Golden Horn — nothing changes) of early Byzantium to modern "houses built by night", shanty towns with their tenderly tended gardens in old feta cheese-cans.

Freely obviously walks the place often because he wants to and this shows in the simplest things, in a list of long-surviving streets, "the Street of a Thousand Earthquakes, the Alley of the Chicken That Cannot Fly, the Street of Nafi of the Golden Hair, the Street of Ibrahim of Black Hell". That's not fancy, that's not romance; that's love.

